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ART. I.—*An Essay on Chemical Statics; with copious Explanatory Notes, and an Appendix on Vegetable and Animal Substances. Translated from the original French of C. L. Berthollet, Member of the Conservative Senate, of the Institute, &c. By B. Lambert.* 2 *vols.* 8vo. Mawman. 1804.

CHEMISTRY, notwithstanding its wonderful advancement within the last thirty years, as a practical art, has by no means hitherto attained that comprehensive knowledge and catenation of results, which can characterise it as a complete science. There are no laws deduced from the notices we have of all its phenomena, that can be fairly compared with the laws of motion in general, as they are delivered by Newton, or as they are proved in their particular application to the motions of the planets. The most general law of chemistry, "that all bodies are expanded by caloric," has none of that exactness, nor can it be applied in calculation, like the law of planetary motion, "the square of the periodical times is as the cubes of the distances."—On the contrary, in the progress of chemistry it has been found requisite to form different theories to account for the phenomena, and to give the mind a portion of that satisfaction, which it requires to animate its pursuit. Perhaps it is fortunate, that the first digestion of the mind (as lord Bacon calls it) of modern chemists, did stir up such a field of inquiry, as to render some theory requisite. Hence arose the doctrine of phlogiston. This doctrine demanded experiments. The experiments of Priestley led to the discovery of oxygen. The experiments of Cavendish led the way to the discovery of the composition of water. These, and an infinite number of other newly observed facts, were finally confirmed by the French chemists, and the immortal Lavoisier and his school have

brought into shape that beautiful fabric, which is now generally adopted as the system of chemical knowledge. The present publication of Berthollet advances a step farther, by first abstracting the general rules of that system, passing lightly over those that are obvious, and resting upon those that are obscure; embodying the facts on their several trains, and then disentangling them from their several combinations; and finally by recognising affinity as the cause of all combinations, by tracing its successive and relative actions, by examining 'the mutual dependence of chemical properties of bodies, compared, at first, with each other, and afterwards considered in the different substances; what are the forces which arise from their action in the effects produced by them, and, what are the properties of the forces which contribute to these effects, or which are in opposition to them.' Vol. i. p. xviii.

Before we proceed to a regular analysis of the work before us, we cannot but admire the comprehension of mind, the profusion of acquirement, and the liberality of philosophical sentiment, of the writer. He has dived into the depths of chemical knowledge. Not a fact escapes him; and, what is admirable at the present hour, and we trust will become a fashion again, he remembers the name of the author of each experiment. But it would be waste of time to enlarge on M. Berthollet's great powers as a philosopher. His discoveries and his writings speak for themselves, and far be it from us to attempt to depreciate their merit by any allusion to his character in a political point of view! Science should have nothing to do with party distinctions—she belongs to mankind.

The essay is divided into two parts. In the first are considered all the elements of chemical action; in the second, the substances that exercise it. All chemical action he considers as the effect of affinity, modified by the constitution of the body which exercises it. Cohesion is the effect of the reciprocal affinity of the particles of bodies, and a force opposed to all those tending to cause them to enter into another combination, while on the contrary it tends to re-unite them. Every affinity which tends by its action to diminish the effect of cohesion, ought to be regarded as a force opposed to it, and of which the result is solution. These two forces, therefore, according to their solutions, produce different results; which are not to be attributed, in conformity to the opinion of some philosophers, to two affinities, one purely chemical, the other physical. Chemists have considered the force of cohesion, only as a quality of bodies actually solid; so that when solidity ceased, they thought it was destroyed: on the contrary, its effects may cease to be sensible without ceasing to act, which is the case with all the physical powers comprehended in it: this is the

chief result in M. Berthollet's doctrine, which he afterwards illustrates by a long quotation from Saussure, Vol. i. p. 376, and by considering substances in solution, precipitates, saturation, &c. The expansive power of caloric modifies also the general law, that substances act in the ratio of the energy of their affinity and quantity, as does likewise the interval of time necessary for the performance of chemical action.

Under these heads, he considers generally all the known elements of chemical action; or in other words, endeavours to lay the foundation-stone of chemical science. He then proceeds, in the second part, to the substances. He examines the properties of inflammable substances, then of compound acids, then of alkalis, earths, and metals.

'Vegetable substances and animal substances are very complex, not so much by the number of the elements which enter into their composition, as by the substances which arise from them, and which all act by a resulting force; they are so unsettled and so variable that it is very difficult to obtain an exact knowledge of the causes of the phenomena arising from them; the greatest circumspection is necessary in considering them: I shall confine myself to indicating what appears to me to be best ascertained, or what may be most reasonably conjectured, respecting the phenomena of this description, which chemistry has been able to attain.' Vol. i. p. 31.

On the subject of the new gas, which he calls oxi-carburated hydrogen, he treats as follows:

'Until very lately the inflammable gas which contains only carbon and hydrogen, and another species of inflammable gas, which at the same time contains oxigen, and which I have denominated oxi-carburated hydrogen, have been confounded. The theory I have embraced on this subject, is in opposition to that supported by Guyton. It is asserted that the inflammable gas I call oxi-carburated, differs from carbonic acid only by a greater proportion of carbon.

'I am of opinion that it receives hydrogen into its composition; that it is indebted to this element for its specific lightness, which was ascertained by Cruikshank, and by Clement and Desormes, to be greater than that of atmospheric air; that this hydrogen may arise from the charcoal, which contains it even when it has been strongly calcined; from the water which some substances can retain at the highest degree of heat; and very often from both.' Vol. ii. p. 70.

After adducing a great number of facts and reasonings, he concludes—

'Carbon and hydrogen can therefore form two species of combination: one in which the carbon predominates, and which is fixed; and the other in which the hydrogen is superior, to which it then owes its gazeous state.

'Oxigen can produce a ternary combination with these two first elements; it is found in charcoal, but only in a small proportion; it can form a gazeous combination, and enter into it in a much larger proportion; this is the oxi-carburated hydrogen gas; and although the hydrogen can only exist in it in a small quantity, it is the most efficacious cause of its elastic state, and of its specific lightness.

'I am of opinion that the existence of this gas is proved, principally; 1st. Because a similar one can be composed by combining a certain proportion of oxigen with carburated hydrogen gas, and because that obtained from urging charcoal by fire is also of this species.

'2d. Because the most powerfully calcined charcoal contains hydrogen, and no effect of this element is to be found so energetic, if it is not admitted that it passes into the oxi-carburated hydrogen gas which is formed by its means.

'3d. Because the specific lightness of oxi-carburated hydrogen gas cannot be reconciled with the supposition that it is only composed of carbon and oxigen; and which requires that the oxigen, after having experienced a contraction in the formation of the carbonic acid, shall follow a course, so opposite, that the combination resulting from a much more considerable addition of a solid and scarcely expansive element, will become specifically lighter than that of its elements, which are naturally very light, and have a great disposition to elasticity, while the accession of hydrogen gives a natural explanation of this lightness.' Vol. ii. p. 80.

The appendix on animal and vegetable substances, contains much curious and instructive matter. On the subject of fermentation and crushing of wine we have the following extract from Fabroni.

'The saccharine matter is the element necessary to the vinous fermentation: it is decomposed in it; it only ferments by the action of another substance, capable of re-acting upon it, and of disengaging an elastic fluid from it.

'The matter which decomposes the sugar in the vinous effervescence is the vegeto-animal substance; it is seated in peculiar utricles in the grape, as well as in the grain; by crushing the grape this glutinous matter is mixed with the sugar, as if an acid and a carbonate were poured into the same vessel; as soon as the two matters are in contact the effervescence or fermentation commences in it, as happens in every other operation of chemistry.

'When these matters are liquid, the carbon of the glutinous part attacks the oxigen of the sugar; it burns and is disengaged in gas; the sugar, partly deoxidated, forms a new kind of combination with the hydrogen and azote.' Vol. ii. p. 413.

To those who seek for an elementary book of chemistry, the 'Chemical Statics' will be of little use. Lavoisier's Elements should be placed in the hands of the learner, and Berthollet

of the learned chemist. The 'Chemical Statics' is the essence drawn from an abstract view of the whole range of chemical knowledge.

'In every discussion (says Berthollet) whose object is to ascertain the causes of phenomena, it must not be overlooked that it frequently happens that one or several analogous phenomena are equally explicable by two hypotheses; and that then two opinions, sometimes contradictory, may be maintained, until some modification of the effects is obtained, which, at length, excludes one of the two hypotheses: this is a circumstance in which opposite opinions can be supported even by experiment, and it will be difficult to prevent the natural interest we attach to our conceptions from engaging us to multiply that species of facts which is capable of receiving one of the two interpretations: nevertheless the philosophical spirit which throws such a radiance around chemistry in particular, will ere long dissipate the want of certainty which may divide our opinions: in the annals of the human mind it will be difficult to find a period more honourable to it than that which established unanimity so quickly on a theory which had predominated like that of phlogiston.

'Having succeeded in distinguishing the general causes of chemical phenomena, it is still easy to be deceived in many applications of them: either because the circumstances which influence the facts are not sufficiently known; or because among the several causes which may contribute to them, that is attributed to some which depends on others.

'It is this concurrence of several causes to the same effect that principally occasions the apparent anomalies, which sometimes lead to doubtful explanations, or which even render them impossible: in that case, without suffering these facts to invalidate the consequences drawn from more positive facts, we must suspend the explanation, or stop at conjecture.

'I am aware that in the execution of the design to which I was led by the sudden establishment of the normal schools, and by the desire I have to review the hasty occupations in which it engaged me, that they may serve me as a guide in the instruction of the polytechnic school, a much more extensive acquaintance with the inquiries which have been greatly multiplied for some time was requisite: led away for several years by engagements foreign to science, since having been permitted to resume my studies, I have only been able to accomplish imperfectly the investigations of which I stood in need.' Vol. i. p. 392.

The quotations will be a sufficient specimen of the manner. —This translation is sometimes very inaccurate. Such errors as "mechanics *has* established," and "*it is* these conditions," are very disgraceful: the style too is often perplexed and wanting in perspicuity. Still ought we to be thankful for having so valuable a work in an English dress.

ART. II.—*Metrical Tales and other Poems, by Robert Southey.* 12mo. Longman and Co. 1805.

SUCH is our dislike to the subject, metre, and in short every thing appertaining to what Mr. Southey denominates 'Metrical Tales,' that the very title of the book now before us gave us a prejudice against its contents, and we took it up in the full expectation, we had almost said determination, of handling it roughly. But we had not proceeded far, before we found that, in spite of ourselves, we should be obliged to praise it. The author possesses genius and fancy to a considerable extent; he has no common powers of language and versification, and is master of most of those qualities and qualifications without which there can be no poetical excellence. But however great his claims to the ivy wreath, *doctarum præmia frontium*, he has also many faults which are highly reprehensible, the more so perhaps because they are avoidable and voluntary. The greatest, and indeed that which contains in itself the seeds of all his other defects, is that he is an egregious poetical coxcomb. It seems to be his aim to strike out a new model for English poetry; to be as it were the founder of a new sect. But to this he has no pretensions; it is for Mr. Southey to follow received opinions. In his 'Songs of the American Indians,' as well as on several other occasions, he treats us with that new-fangled and non-descript species of poetry, that prose-like verse or verse-like prose, which it is not possible sufficiently to reprobate. We must also decidedly express our disapprobation of the system of coining new words, which is too common in the present publication; such as, for instance, 'unharming,' 'unfatiguable,' 'unrecallable,' 'disbranches,' 'quintessential,' 'brooklet,' and many others too numerous to mention. Pindar indeed

> Per *audaces nova* dithyrambos
> *Verba* devolvit, *numerisque* fertur
> *Lege solutis*:

but let Mr. Southey remember that he is no rival of the swan of Thebes.

It is not only for making words of his own that he has a partiality: he is equally fond of compounding *ad libitum*. But this also he had better let alone; he is invariably unsuccessful. He gives us 'heart-sincerity,' 'heart-delight,' 'blood-banner,' 'death-day,' &c. &c. It would be difficult to discover any beauty in them. He is also occasionally very careless in the construction of his lines; sometimes very tame: instances of the former are to be found—

P. 75. 'My lips pronounc'd the *unrecallable* vow.'
P. 78. 'Oh! had I leapt to meet the *merciful* sword.'
P. 117. 'These cold raw mists that chill the *comfortless* day.'

Of the latter—

P. 66. 'The bloody purpose, *led by which he came.*'
P. 75. 'Sincere herself, *impossible to doubt.*'
P. 79. 'Mysterious man, *at last* I know thee *now.*'

What a ridiculous line is this!

'When the black *and blood-tanner* was spread to the gale.'

Having now given our general opinion of Mr. Southey's productions, let us proceed to notice separately the variegated contents of this little volume.

The 'Metrical Tales,' properly so called, are indisputably very pleasing. We shall begin by quoting the two last stanzas of 'The Well of St. Keyne,' which amused us much. "The reported virtue of this well," says Fuller, "is such, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby."

'You drank of the Well I warrant betimes?
He to the countryman said:
But the countryman smil'd as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

'I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done
And left my wife in the porch.
But i'faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.' P. 38.

'St. Gualberto' is rather too long, but the last part of it is very poetical. What can surpass the following description of a still evening?

'Cool breath'd the grateful air, and fresher now
The fragrance of the autumnal leaves arose,
The passing gale scarce mov'd the o'erhanging bough,
And not a sound disturb'd the deep repose,
Save when a falling leaf came fluttering by,
Save the near brooklet's stream that murmur'd quietly.' P. 63.

In the following observation upon the Catholic custom of ringing the vesper bell, every feeling reader must acquiesce.

'The Catholic who hears that vesper bell,
Howe'er employed, must send a prayer to heaven.
In foreign lands I liked the custom well,
For with the calm and sober thoughts of even
It well accords; and wert thou journeying there,
It would not hurt thee, George, to join that vesper-prayer.' P. 64.

The 'Monodramas' that succeed the Metrical Tales, are classical and good. Perhaps 'Ximalpoca' is the best of them: but it concludes tamely. It ought to have ended with 'Stream'd up its life to thee!' or at least the line which follows ought to have been exchanged for something else.

The 'Songs of the American Indians' have been before alluded to, and perhaps as much notice has been taken of them as they deserve.

The 'Love Elegies of Abel Shufflebottom' are witty, poetical, and entertaining. The Darwinian style is successfully burlesqued in the second of these pieces.

Our author next dishes up a dozen 'Sonnets,' which we shall pass over unnoticed. We are not of those who have an antipathy to "a gaping pig;" we are not "mad if we behold a cat;" nor are we violently affected when "a bag-pipe sings i' th' nose;" but we do dislike a sonnet. It would be painful to us to be severe upon any thing that comes from the pen of so respectable a writer as Mr. Southey; but we never will incur the guilt of praising, and thereby encouraging, sonnets and sonneteers. Indeed it is almost to be wondered at that Mr. Southey should have meddled with this species of composition: if a judgment may be formed from some lines in one of the succeeding 'Anomalies,' entitled 'The Dancing Bear,' his opinion on this subject is not very different from our own:

'Bruin Bear,
Now could I sonnetize thy piteous plight,
And prove how much my sympathetic heart
Even for the miseries of a beast can feel,
In *fourteen* lines of *sensibility!*'

These 'Anomalies' are not destitute of wit; particularly those entitled 'The Pig,' and 'The Filbert.'

Next follow some 'Miscellanies,' many of which deserve but little praise. 'The Battle of Pultowa' is of this number, though from the subject something above mediocrity might have been expected. But 'The Death of Wallace,' which comes immediately after it, though not destitute of those faults which are peculiar to Mr. Southey and his school, possesses still such dignified beauty, that we are sure our readers will pardon us if we lay the whole of it before them. We remember to have seen it some years ago in the newspapers, and to have admired it.

'Joy, joy in London now!
He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to death,
At length the traitor meets the traitor's doom,
Joy, joy in London now!

'He on a sledge is drawn,
His strong right arm unweapon'd and in chains,
And garlanded around his helmless head
The laurel wreath of scorn.

'They throng to view him now
Who in the field had fled before his sword,
Who at the name of Wallace once grew pale
And faltered out a prayer.

'Yes, they can meet his eye,
That only beams with patient courage now;
Yes, they can gaze upon those manly limbs
Defenceless now and bound.

'And that eye did not shrink
As he beheld the pomp of infamy;
Nor did one rebel feeling shake those limbs
When the last moment came.

'What tho' suspended sense
Was by their damned cruelty revived,
What tho' ingenious vengeance lengthened life
To feel protracted death;

'What tho' the hangman's hand
Graspt in his living breast the heaving heart,—
In the last agony, the last sick pang,
Wallace had comfort still.

'He called to mind his deeds
Done for his country in the embattled field;
He thought of that good cause for which he died,
And that was joy in death!

'Go Edward triumph now!
Cambria is fallen, and Scotland's strength is crush'd;
On Wallace, on Llewellyn's mangled limbs
The fowls of heaven have fed.

'Unrivalled, unopposed,
Go Edward full of glory to thy grave!
The weight of patriot blood upon thy soul
Go Edward to thy God!' P. 149.

'The Old Man's Comforts' is the last of Mr. Southey's productions which we shall particularize. Who can be insensible to the charming simplicity, to the religious beauty, of the two last stanzas?

'You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And life must be hastening away;
You are chearful, and love to converse upon death!
Now tell me the reason I pray.

'I am chearful, young man, Father William replied,
Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God!
And He hath not forgotten my age.' P. 169.

The remainder of this little volume consists of two 'English Eclogues' which are by no means unworthy of the author, and of a number of inscriptions. These last merit no particular notice. Upon the whole we shall always rejoice when Mr. Southey's productions come into our hands, and will undertake to say that no class of readers will peruse them without gratification.

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence, of Sir William Jones. By Lord Teignmouth.* 4to. Hatchard. 1804.

(*concluded from p.* 19.)

THAT portion of these Memoirs, of which we presented an account to the public in a former number, is devoted to the period of sir William Jones's life which was passed in England; and, imperfect as our sketch must necessarily have been found, we do not doubt that it must have provided matter of most triumphant reflection to those of our readers, whose habits and pursuits lead them to contemplate with pleasure every great example of the extent to which the human powers may be strengthened and enlarged. They must have traced, with a combination of astonishment and delight, the discipline and progress of a mind which never sought a pretence for inaction in the multitude of its acquisitions, or the intensity of its former labours; which never advanced with the design of reposing after having reached a limited point; and which always regarded every post which its exertions had secured, not as a station of rest or refreshment, but as a position from which more extensive views might be taken, and more splendid and laborious conquests might be projected.

The latter part of the highly valuable work before us, exhibits this mighty scholar and exemplary man in a character more important and interesting to the public, than that of a mere cultivator of letters. His labours from this period become intimately connected with the happiness and the rights of millions, and with the glory and prosperity of an immense portion of our Oriental dominion. We see him henceforth guarding the privileges and regulating the jurisprudence, as well as illustrating the literature, of a country on which his imagination seems always to have dwelt with peculiar fondness, and towards which his 'idolatrous fancy' appears to have been almost as uniformly and affectionately directed, as the devotions of the pious mussulman towards the sepulchre of his prophet.

He sailed for India in April 1783, 'in the thirty seventh year of his age, and in the vigorous maturity of his faculties;' and the regret with which he left his native country was greatly mitigated by 'the consolation and enjoyment he derived from the society of lady Jones,' and by the prospect of liberal independence and useful exertion which his station in India promised him.

The period of the voyage was occupied in pursuing and arranging the objects of inquiry which he conceived to be more particularly connected with his situation in India, and in framing various other designs of surprising extent and diffi-

culty. They 'whose habits have led them to seek for amusement in the miscellaneous occurrences and topics of the day (P. 228), will probably be overwhelmed with wonder, when they survey the gigantic labours which he proposed to himself during his residence in Asia, as exhibited in a memorandum, drawn up by himself, and most judiciously preserved by his biographer (P. 228); and will perhaps be inclined to charge with extravagance or presumption, one who could at once project, in addition to his other employments, and to many more subordinate schemes, a copious history, and an heroic poem. Such reasoners, however, should be reminded, that great things were never accomplished by those who have contented themselves with limited endeavours; and that the confidence which could behold such vast designs without being appalled, was of itself sufficient evidence of those powers which were formed to astonish and enlighten mankind.

Sir William arrived at Calcutta in September 1803, and was received with the most flattering welcome. His emotions on reaching his destination are described in the 'Memoirs,' in a manner which presents a very happy specimen of just and interesting sentiment, delivered in powerful and animated language:—

'With what rapture he himself contemplated his new situation, may be more easily conceived than described. As a magistrate of the supreme court of judicature, he had now that opportunity which he ever ardently desired, of devoting his talents to the service of his native country, and of promoting the happiness of the community in which he resided; while the history, antiquities, natural productions, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia, opened an extensive and almost boundless field to his enquiries. He was now placed amidst a people, whose pretensions to antiquity had hitherto eluded research, and whose manners, religion, and customs, still retained the same characteristical peculiarities, by which they were originally distinguished. Time, who spreads the veil of oblivion over the opinions and works of mankind, who annihilates empires and the records of their existence, had spared the doctrines and language of the followers of Brama, and amidst the ravages of conquest and oppressions of tyranny, seemed to protect with parental care some of the earliest monuments of his reign. The Hindûs in fact presented to the observation of sir William Jones, a living picture of antiquity: and although the colouring might be somewhat faded and obscured, the lineaments of the original character were still discernible by the most superficial observer, whilst he remarked them with discrimination and rapture.'

In the December following he entered on his judicial functions, and in a 'manly, concise, and elegant address' to the grand jury at the opening of the sessions, displayed powers of eloquence which commanded the admiration, and sentiments

of independence which won the confidence and esteem, of the public.

He continued, however, to watch over the interests of literature with affectionate vigilance. Accordingly we find in the 'Memoirs' a perspicuous and detailed account of the institution of the Asiatic Society, 'of which sir William Jones was not only the founder but the brightest ornament;' of the offer of the presidency of the Society to Mr. Hastings, which he declined; and of the consequent appointment of sir William. This part of the narrative is enlivened with a digressive but appropriate tribute of praise to the character of Mr. Hastings, who is represented as entitled to the merit of having been the first 'to remove that reserve and distrust in the professors of the braminical faith, which taught them to view with suspicion all attempts to investigate their code, and to apprehend the infringement of its ordinances;' and of having thus opened the mysteries of their faith, and the stores of their jurisprudence. The remarks of the author on this subject we regard as highly important and curious.

'The spirit of the Mahommedan religion is adverse to every appearance of idolatry, and the conquest of Hindustan by the mussulmans was prosecuted with the zeal of a religious crusade. The rage of proselytism was united with the ambition of dominion, and the subversion of the Hindû superstition was always considered a religious obligation, the discharge of which might indeed be suspended by political considerations, but could never be renounced; and, notwithstanding occasional marks of toleration in some of the emperors of Hindûstan, or their viceroys, their Hindû subjects were ever beheld by them in the contemptuous light of infidels and idolators. They were of course naturally disposed to apprehend the effects of a similar bigotry and intolerance in their European governors, so widely discriminated from themselves in manners, language, and religion. The bramins too (who had the feelings common to the bulk of the people) deemed themselves precluded by laws, in their opinion of sacred and eternal obligation, from any developement of their secret doctrines to a race of people, who could only be ranked in the lowest of the four classes of mankind, and to whom, with little exception, their secrecy and reserve had hitherto proved impenetrable. To surmount these obstacles, to subdue the jealousy and prejudices of the bramins, and to diminish the apprehensions of the people at large, required a conduct regulated by the most liberal and equitable principles, and the influence of personal intercourse and conciliation. The compilation of a code of laws by pundits, convened by the invitation of Mr. Hastings, the Persian version of it, made under their immediate inspection, and the translation of the Bagvhat Geeta, a work containing all the grand mysteries of the braminical faith, are incontrovertible proofs of the success of his efforts, to inspire confidence in minds where distrust was habitual; while a variety

of useful publications, undertaken at his suggestion, demonstrate the beneficial effects of his patronage and encouragement of Oriental literature.' P. 238.

To accomplish, however, most effectually what had been so happily begun by Mr. Hastings, sir William Jones formed a resolution worthy of his high reputation and aspiring powers: which was, to commence without loss of time the study of the Sanscrit, the venerable but obscure dialect which contained all the treasures of the Hindû law; and thus to render it impossible for the pundits * to defeat the purposes of justice by forged authorities, and corrupt or erroneous interpretations.

This noble design was somewhat retarded by the feeble state of his health about this time (April 1785), which he restored by an excursion up the country as far as Benares, 'where he had an opportunity of seeing the professors of the Hindû religion, and the most celebrated and ancient university in India.' On his return, however, in March 1786, he resumed the laborious functions of his office, and continued to proceed 'slowly but surely in the study of Sanscrit,' as he mentions in a letter written in that year, and in the broken intervals of leisure which his necessary duties and more important studies allowed him, amused himself with exploring the Hindû mythology, and with occasional translations from various Oriental authors; among which the taste of the noble biographer has prompted him to select and quote the following exquisitely beautiful tetrastich:

'On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, whilst all around thee smil'd:
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, when all around thee weep.' P. 266.

Every one must be delighted with the animated and interesting picture which his lordship gives of the genius and literary occupations of his friend.

'We contemplate with delight and surprise the admirer of the Grecian bards, and the pupil of the Grecian sages, led by his enthusiasm from the banks of the Ilyssus to the streams of the Ganges, celebrating, in strains not unworthy of Pindar, the fabulous divinities of India, and exploring the sources of the Egyptian and Persian theology, and of the tenets of the Ionic and Italic schools of philosophy. These compositions were the elegant amusements of hours of leisure and relaxation, which he never suffered to interfere with his public duties. They prove the versatility of those intellectual powers, which could immediately turn from the investi-

* The expounders of the law.

gation of legal causes, or the solution of abstruse mathematical problems, to explain and adorn the mythological fictions of the Hindûs, in odes which the bramins would have approved and admired.

'In September, 1786, Lord Cornwallis arrived at Fort William, with the appointment of governor-general; and the writer of these Memoirs, who accompanied him to India, had the happiness of renewing his personal acquaintance with sir William Jones.

From this time we learn that

'The uniformity which marked the remaining period of his allotted existence, admits of little variety of delineation. The largest portion of each year was devoted to his professional duties and studies; and all the time that could be saved from these important avocations was dedicated to the cultivation of science and literature. Some periods were chequered by illness, the consequence of intense application, and others were embittered by the frequent and severe indisposition of the partner of his cares and object of his affections. The climate of India, as he had already found occasion to remark in a letter to a friend, had been unpropitious to the delicate constitution of his beloved wife; and so apprehensive was he of the consequences, that he intended, unless some favourable alteration should take place, to urge her return to her native country; preferring the pang of separation for five or six years, to the anguish, which he should hardly survive, of losing her.' P. 287.

From his correspondence about this time, however, we find that he continued to make the most satisfactory progress in his favourite pursuit, and that in the year 1787 he conversed familiarly with the bramins in the aboriginal idiom of Hindûstan. The enthusiasm with which he pressed forward towards the accomplishment of this desirable purpose, may be thought, in the following instance, to have betrayed him into hopes and speculations which we despair of ever seeing realised. In a letter to Mr. Jos. Cowper, of Ireland, he says, 'I have read colonel Vallancy's learned work twice through with great pleasure. We shall soon, I hope, see faithful translations of Irish histories and poems! I shall be happy in comparing them with the Sanscrit, with which the ancient language of Ireland has certainly an affinity.' (P. 297.) We confess we are not quite so sanguine as sir William in our expectation of the period which shall disclose those hidden treasures of poetry, history, and science, with which the sages of Erin are said once to have enriched the world.

We are greatly disposed to apprehend, that the ungrateful scepticism of this inquisitive age may have some tendency to retard the discovery, or obstruct the authentication, of those invaluable relics, which are said to have escaped the destructive fury of ignorance and barbarism. Whether the original dialect of Ireland can claim any kindred with the

tongue of the ancient Hindûs, we shall not pretend to determine: neither shall we presume to foretell, supposing the alliance to be once fairly made out, which of the newly discovered cousins will be the first to exclaim, in the language of Father Foigard, in the play*, "The devil burn the relationship!"

Of the nature and character of sir William's correspondence we cannot hope to communicate a more satisfactory conception to the reader, than by extracting the following just and elegant observations of his biographer.

'These letters describe the elegant occupations of a mind disciplined in the school of science, ardent to embrace it in all its extent, and to make even its amusements subservient to the advancement of useful knowledge, and the public good. From the discharge of his appointed duties, we see sir William Jones returning with avidity to his literary pursuits, improving his acquaintance with botany, and, relaxing from the severity of study by the perusal of the most admired Oriental authors, communicating his pleasures and acquirements to his friends. There are few of his letters in which he does not introduce the name of lady Jones, with that affection which never abated: she was his constant companion, and the associate of the literary entertainment which occupied and amused his evenings.' P. 303.

In the year 1788 he resolved to delay no longer the execution of the project to which he had devoted several years of anxious and diligent preparation; namely, the compilation of a digest of Hindû and Mohammedan law. Being now armed with a sufficient knowledge of the Sanscrit, he found no obstruction to the accomplishment of his scheme, but the expence with which it must inevitably be attended; he therefore deemed it proper to apply to the government of Bengal for their assistance. The letter which he addressed to lord Cornwallis on this occasion, fully discloses the ends which he proposed to himself in that laborious and splendid undertaking; which confers on him an unquestionable claim to the title of the Justinian of the East, and the effects of which must be ascertained by the experience of future generations: we shall therefore transcribe the greater part of it.

'My Lord,

'It has long been my wish to address the government of the British dominions in India on the administration of justice among the natives of Bengal and Bahar, a subject of equal importance to the appellate jurisdiction of the supreme court at Calcutta, where the judges are required by the legislature to decide controversies between Hindû and Mahommedan parties, according to their respective laws of contracts, and of succession to property; they

* The Beaux' Stratagem.

had, I believe, so decided them, in most cases, before the statute to which I allude had passed; and the parliament only confirmed that mode of decision, which the obvious principles of justice had led them before to adopt. Nothing indeed could be more obviously just, than to determine private contests according to those laws which the parties themselves had ever considered as the rules of their conduct and engagements in civil life; nor could any thing be wiser than, by a legislative act to assure the Hindû and Mussulman subjects of Great Britain, that the private laws which they severally held sacred, and a violation of which they would have thought the most grievous oppression, should not be superseded by a new system, of which they could have no knowledge, and which they must have considered as imposed on them by a spirit of rigour and intolerance.

'So far the principle of decision between the native parties in a cause appears perfectly clear; but the difficulty lies (as in most other cases) in the application of the principle to practice; for the Hindû and Mussulman laws are locked up for the most part in two very difficult languages, Sanscrit and Arabic, which few Europeans will ever learn, because neither of them leads to any advantage in worldly pursuits; and if we give judgment only from the opinions of the native lawyers and scholars, we can never be sure that we have not been deceived by them.

'It would be absurd and unjust to pass an indiscriminate censure on so considerable a body of men: but my experience justifies me in declaring, that I could not with an easy conscience concur in a decision, merely on the written opinion of native lawyers, in any cause in which they could have the remotest interest in misleading the court; nor, how vigilant soever we might be, would it be very difficult for them to mislead us; for a single obscure text, explained by themselves, might be quoted as express authority, though perhaps in the very book from which it was selected, it might be differently explained, or introduced only for the purpose of being exploded. The obvious remedy for this evil had occurred to me before I left England, where I had communicated my sentiments to some friends in parliament, and on the bench in Westminster-Hall, of whose discernment I had the highest opinion; and those sentiments I propose to unfold in this letter, with as much brevity as the magnitude of the subject will admit.

'If we had a complete digest of Hindû and Mahommedan laws, after the model of Justinian's inestimable pandects, compiled by the most learned of the native lawyers, with an accurate verbal translation of it into English; and if copies of the work were deposited in the proper offices of the Sedr Divani Adaulat*, and of the supreme court, that they might occasionally be consulted as a standard of justice; we should rarely be at a loss for principles at least, and rules of law, applicable to the cases before us: and should never perhaps be led astray by the pundits or maulavis, who would hardly venture to impose on us when their imposition might so easily be detected.

* The court of appeals in civil suits.

'The difficulty which first presents itself, is the expense of paying the pundits and maulavis who must compile the digest, and the native writers who must be employed to transcribe it. Since two provinces are immediately under this government, in each of which there are many customary laws, it would be proper to employ one pundit of Bengal and another from Behar; and since there are two Mahommedan sects, who differ in regard to many traditions from their prophet, and to some decisions of their respective doctors, it might be thought equally proper to engage one malauvi of each sect; and this mode would have another advantage, since two lawyers conferring freely together on fundamental principles common to both, would assist, direct, and check each other.*—

'Although I can have no personal interest, immediate or consequential, in the work proposed, yet I would cheerfully have borne the whole expense of it, if common prudence had not restrained me, and if my private establishment of native readers and writers, which I cannot with convenience discontinue at present, did not require more than half of the monthly expense, which the completion of a digest would, in my opinion, demand. I am under a necessity therefore of intimating, that if the work be thought expedient, the charges of it should be defrayed by the government, and the salaries paid by their officers. The second difficulty is, to find a director of the work and a translator of it, who, with a competent knowledge of the Sanscrit and Arabic, has a general acquaintance with the principles of jurisprudence, and a sufficient share even of legislative spirit, to arrange the plan of a digest, superintend the compilation of it, and render the whole, as it proceeds, into perspicuous English; so that even the translation may acquire a degree of authority proportioned to the public opinion of his accuracy. Now though I am truly conscious of possessing a very moderate portion of those talents, which I should require in the superintendant of such a work, yet I may without vanity profess myself equal to the labour of it; and though I would much rather see the work well-conducted by any man than myself, yet I would rather give myself the trouble of it, than not live to see it conducted at all; and I cannot but know, that the qualifications required even in the low degree in which I possess them, are not often found united in the same person, for a reason before suggested. If your lordship, therefore, after a full consideration of the subject, shall be of opinion, that a digest of Hindû and Mahommedan laws would be a work of national honour and utility,—I so cherish both, that I offer the nation my humble labour as far as I can dispose of my time consistently with the faithful discharge of my duty as a magistrate: should this offer be accepted, I should then request your lordship to nominate the pundits and maulavis, to whom I would severally give a plan conformable to the best analysis that I could make; and I should be able, if my health continued firm, to translate every morning before any other business is begun, as much as they could compile, and the writers copy, in the preceding day.' P. 306.

* A passage relating to the remuneration of the natives to be employed, is here omitted.'

The illustrious nobleman to whom these proposals were addressed, always gave the most encouraging welcome to any design which promised an accession to the public convenience or happiness; and the same liberal and patriotic spirit, which has uniformly led him to regard the prosperity of the empire as the invariable rule of his conduct; which now prompts him, in the fullness of years and honours, once more to cross the ocean, and direct the destinies of our Oriental dominion; suggested to him that such a work 'would be calculated to reflect the highest honour on his administration.' We accordingly learn, that the answer written by his direction to sir William Jones declared, 'that his lordship deemed it singularly fortunate, that a person so eminently qualified for the task, should from principles of general benevolence and public spirit, be induced to engage in an undertaking as arduous as it was beneficial.' P. 313.

If any thing could increase our admiration of the public spirit and philanthropy with which this surprising work was imagined, and the perseverance and ability with which it was executed, it will be the following remark.

'At the period when this work was undertaken by sir William Jones, he had not resided in India more than four years and a half, during which time he had not only acquired a thorough knowledge of the Sanscrit language, but had extended his reading in it so far, as to be qualified to form a judgment upon the merit and authority of the authors to be used in the compilation of his work; and although his labour was only applied to the disposition of materials already formed, he was enabled by his previous studies to give them an arrangement superior to any existing, and which the learned natives themselves approved and admired. In the dispensations of Providence, it may be remarked as an occurrence of no ordinary nature, that the professors of the braminical faith, should so far renounce their reserve and distrust, as to submit to the direction of a native of Europe, for compiling a digest of their own laws.' P. 313.

From this time to the moment of his decease, his unwearied exertions and watchful solicitude were directed to the completion of this inestimable digest. Nevertheless he found leisure enough to publish, in the beginning of the year 1794, a few months before his death, 'a work in which he had been long engaged;—a translation of the ordinances of Menu, comprising the Indian system of duties, both religious and civil. Menu is esteemed by the Hindûs the first of created beings; and not only the oldest, but also the holiest of legislators.' Those whose curiosity is captivated by a view of the manners, the superstitions, and the laws, of a vast people in a period of the remotest antiquity; and whose minds are prepared to find

additional proofs of the necessity of revelation, in the strange inconsistencies, the alternate strength and feebleness, meanness and sublimity, displayed in all human systems of morality and religion; will thank us for extracting an account of this work, given, as lord Teignmouth informs us, in the words of the translator.

'This work, to use the words of the translator, contains abundance of curious matter, extremely interesting both to speculative lawyers and antiquaries; with many beauties, which need not be pointed out, and with many blemishes, which cannot be justified or palliated. It is indeed a system of despotism and priestcraft, both limited by law, but artfully conspiring to give mutual support, though with mutual checks; it is filled with strange conceits in metaphysicks and natural philosophy, with idle superstitions, and with a scheme of theology most obscurely figurative, and consequently liable to dangerous misconception; it abounds with minute and childish formalities; with ceremonies generally absurd, and often ridiculous; the punishments are partial and painful, for some crimes dreadfully cruel, for others reprehensibly slight: and the very morals, though rigid enough on the whole, are in one or two instances (as in the case of light oaths and pious perjury) unaccountably relaxed; nevertheless, a spirit of sublime devotion, of benevolence to mankind, and of amiable tenderness to all creatures, pervades the whole work; the style of it has a certain austere majesty, that sounds like the language of legislation, and extorts a respectful awe; the sentiments of independence upon all beings but God, and the harsh admonitions even to kings, are truly noble; and the many panegyrics on the Gayatri, the mother, as it is called, of the Vedá, prove the author to have adored, not the visible material sun, but that divine and incomparably greater light, to use the words of the most venerable text in the Indian Scripture, which *illumines all, delights all, from which all proceed, to which all must return, and which can alone irradiate*, not our visual organs, but our souls and our intellects.' P. 353.

But the period was now come, beyond which his inestimable labours were no longer to be pursued. He had for some years flattered himself, that the vigour of his constitution had subdued the influence of the climate; a belief which, to the deep and universal regret of the literary world, too soon proved to be unfounded. On the 20th of April, 1794, he complained of symptoms, which his physicians soon discovered to indicate an inflammation of the liver: and on the 27th sir William Jones was no more!

Thus lived, and thus died, this virtuous man and illustrious scholar; of whom it may be said, without extravagance, that he united all the native qualities and powers, all the acquirements and accomplishments, which are necessary to render the human character at once admirable and lovely, and,

in short, "to give the world assurance of a man." Fortunately for us, it is not our province to pronounce the panegyric of one who is so far beyond our powers of praise. His name is written in immortal characters on the records of the republic of letters; and his memory will find a monument in the heart of every one among his countrymen, who is capable of estimating the loveliness of virtue.

If we have succeeded in communicating to our readers a tolerably distinct outline of the picture exhibited in this performance, they will have already perceived the obligations which the public have to acknowledge to the noble author. It has every title to a kind and thankful reception, as well on account of the modesty with which it is introduced to the world (and which we pronounce to be much disproportioned to the felicity of its execution), as of the interest and importance which belong to the character it pourtrays. The example of such men as sir William Jones is infinitely too valuable to be lost to society; and we should have justly incurred the charge of shameful indifference to the name of one who filled so great a portion of the public attention and regard when living, if a long period had elapsed before the world was gratified by a distinct narrative of the gradations through which he passed to a height of such commanding excellence. The author of these Memoirs has stepped forward to rescue us from the character of an 'incuriosa suorum ætas;' and we cannot easily imagine a more noble and dignified application of the advantages presented by leisure, rank, and opulence, than the performance of so sacred a duty to the memory of departed genius and virtue.

We cannot, in few words, better describe the merits of this volume, than by pronouncing it to be the production of a scholar, a gentleman, and a christian. Its style, though in some parts rather languid and diffuse, is on the whole perspicuous and manly; in many passages, animated and impressive. Among the excellences of the work may safely be numbered the absence of a fault which, while it swells the bulk, greatly weakens the effect, of biographical writing, and which wearies the patience and disappoints the hopes of the reader. We allude to the practice, which of late years has been carried to an extent which should no longer be tolerated, of introducing long, rambling, and digressive discussions, on topics but very loosely and remotely connected with their subject: and which discloses a secret that cannot but excite disgust; namely, that the author is more desirous to introduce himself to the notice of the world, than the person whose life he professes to relate. This defect has been carefully avoided in the pages before us; for though the writer does not refrain from introducing remarks

of his own, they are never too long, and are always intimately connected with the main design.

One of the most prominent objects which seem to have been kept in view in these Memoirs, is to represent the subject of them as uniting with his immense knowledge and gigantic talents, the tenderest feelings, and most exalted piety. And certainly we know no spell of greater potency to lay 'the busy meddling fiend' of infidelity, and to dismiss him back to his native abode of darkness, than the study of a life which exhibits learning as the humble handmaid of religion. The erudition of sir William Jones, instead of bewildering his reason in the distracting mazes of scepticism, conducted him, by firm and steady steps, from the undeniable position that a revealed religion is necessary in the great system of providence, to an unshaken conviction that that religion is ours. He had examined every thing with the patience of a philosopher, and the humility of an infant. They who are pleased to consider a belief in the scriptures as evidence of a narrow understanding and contracted inquiries, would do well to turn their attention towards a sincere believer, to whom all the secrets of literature were open, and on whom the prodigality of nature had lavished the most distinguished powers of intellect. They who have perversely laboured to deceive themselves into a persuasion that religious habits indicate a dull and stagnant imagination, are earnestly recommended to seek in these pages an instance of the most lively, cheerful, and active mind, formed for the rational enjoyment of every pleasure which the creation offers, regularly and uniformly employed in those duties which alone can render it acceptable to God. To the solicitude with which this awful and important lesson is repeatedly impressed, the highest praise is justly due.

We must, however, be pardoned for suggesting that this point, in one or two passages of the work, is pressed on the attention with a degree of anxiety almost superfluous and officious; with an excess of zeal, the effect of which is to represent the belief of sir William as capable of admitting some doubt, if not established by a careful collection of evidence. In a letter to lord Althorpe which we quoted above (page 18) sir William says, 'A just mixture or interchange of labour and pleasures appears alone conducive to such happiness as this world affords:' the obvious meaning of which passage, though perhaps rather loosely expressed, is—that labour and pleasure are then only conducive to happiness, when mixed in due proportions; without insinuating that they are solely or exclusively essential to it. Nor do we believe that the most vigilant infidel would ever have fixed on this passage to prove that this great man conceived happiness to be attainable without the aid of religion.

The biographer, however, fearful lest such an use might be made of it, thinks it necessary to remind the reader, that 'though a just mixture of labours and pleasures is greatly conducive to the happiness of this life, the true foundation of real happiness must be sought in a higher source;' and at the same time expresses his conviction that sir William would have approved the observation. That he would have approved the sentiments it contains, we shall most readily agree; but we think that he would, with us, have regarded it as by no means called for by the occasion. The purity and steadiness of his religious opinions are sufficiently manifest from the constant tenor of his life and writings: but it is rather too much to expect that they should be formally avowed on the most indifferent occasions; and that the necessity of fixing our affections on 'things above,' in order to secure durable and genuine enjoyment, should be inculcated in a letter with the same solemnity as in a sermon.

We shall also crave permission to remark, that this entertaining and instructive volume would have raised a more powerful and a more endearing interest, if the author had entered with greater minuteness into those lighter shades of character, those little peculiarities and even defects of habit or disposition, which would have enabled us to hail this wonderful man more warmly as a frail and fallible brother of mortality. We follow with surprise the pursuits and studies of the universal scholar, and the incredible labours of the advocate and judge: we are delighted to find, in combination with these, the warmest affections of the heart, and the manners and accomplishments of a gentleman; we learn that his society was irresistibly attractive, and his conversation brilliant and entertaining. It is impossible to rise from such a description, without a very lively and forcible impression of the value and rarity of such a collection of excellence. But, after all, our notions of the man are somewhat vague and indefinite.—When we are told that a lady has eyes that beam with expression, or languish with sensibility; that her features and shape are turned with the most perfect symmetry; that grace and love are in her motions, and enchantment in her conversation: the imagination is overpowered with such a blaze of charms and accomplishments: yet, after all, 'we have nothing with these words;' they give us no distinct conception of the object they are meant to describe; they tell us no more of her than what may be true of a hundred females beside, who may yet be totally different from her and from each other. The most splendid accumulation of phrases expressive of beauty and attraction, will not succeed so well in presenting a clear notion of her person to the mind, as some characteristic peculiarity of her countenance or

figure, some familiar trait of her gesture and manner. The same is true concerning character in general, whether of intellect or person. The mind cannot easily combine perfections and attainments so as to form a distinct image, without being furnished with the substratum on which they are disposed, and the manner of their union: in short, without a knowledge of that indefinable something which usually goes by the name of character; and which is hardly to be learnt without the assistance of familiar anecdotes, and particular description. Nor is it a just answer to this remark, that character is made up of these qualities and attainments; for it will scarcely be denied, that the same acquirements and accomplishments, the same strength of intellect and extent of erudition, the same warmth of feeling and glow of piety, which distinguished sir William Jones, may easily be conceived as united in another, whose character on the whole should be totally distinct from his. That familiar delineation which we somewhat desiderate in these Memoirs, is the great excellence of Boswell's biography: it is impossible to confound Johnson with any other man; we are almost as familiarly acquainted with his person, his gestures, his peculiarities, and the whole apparatus of his character, as if we had repeatedly conversed with him: and though we cannot recommend to every biographer the same excessive minuteness by which Boswell often wickedly sports with the patience of his reader, yet it cannot be doubted that a moderate and judicious application of his method must give an unspeakable relish to writings of this description.

Our author, however, has chosen to 'let sir William Jones speak for himself:' accordingly a very large portion of the volume before us is occupied by his correspondence. But letters are for many reasons but imperfectly calculated to accomplish the purpose to which we have alluded; and especially the letters of sir William Jones. They are all of them more or less connected with the subject of his literary pursuits. There are but few of them which suffer us for a moment to lose sight of the scholar.—However, we find in them the portrait of a mind of the most restless activity and insatiable curiosity; ready to grasp every image, and to accumulate every fact; prepared to exert itself with the same energy and effect in every direction; and uniting lightness and agility with solid strength, in a manner that has rarely been granted to the sons of men! So far they are highly valuable and interesting. We cannot, however, dissemble that we found something offensive in the frequent reciprocation of compliments which passes between him and his literary friends professor Schultens and count Reviczki. We read more than enough about the 'incomparable odes,' the 'admirable translations,' or the 'inestimable dissertations and

commentaries,' of sir William and his learned correspondents. That it would be difficult to praise sir William Jones too highly, we shall readily allow; neither are we disposed to question that there is any gratification to be found much more noble and exalted, than the commendation of enlightened men. Yet surely there is a delicacy in superior minds which should make them unwilling to indulge each other with too free an enjoyment of this first of luxuries. We hope to be exempt from the charge of cavilling, if we say in general that we feel but little pleasure from that part of the correspondence of all learned men in which they pronounce the panegyric of each other.

Of the letters which were written during his residence in India, there are not many that are very remarkable; and there are some that might without disadvantage have been omitted, especially those short ones which contain little else than an apology for their shortness. As a whole, however, they are interesting and entertaining, and exhibit a pleasing picture of his mind: the following brief sketch of the disposition of his time, in a letter to sir John Macpherson, will be read with delight by those whose curiosity is willing to penetrate into the privacy of great men.

'My private life is similar to that which you remember. Seven hours a day on an average are occupied by my duties as a magistrate, and one hour by the new Indian digest; for one hour in the evening I read aloud to lady Jones. We are travelling to the sources of the Nile, with Mr. Bruce, whose work is very interesting and important. I jabber Sanscrit every day with the pundits, and hope, before I leave India, to understand it as well as I do Latin.' P. 343.

In every part of his correspondence, his fondness for India may be discovered. In one of his letters he even says, 'Though I was never unhappy in England, I was never happy till I came to India.'—Who can forbear to lament that the climate was so hostile to his constitution; while the place itself, its scenery, its antiquities, and its literature, were so congenial with his imagination?

On the subject of sir William Jones's political principles and opinions, we learn that he was a decided enemy to the American war, and a vigorous advocate for the expediency of a reform in our system of representation. Liberty and independence are names which seem to have exercised over him much of that dominion which those enchanting sounds are often found to do over enthusiastic temperaments, especially when exalted by fond and ardent contemplation of the Greek and Roman models of government. For the constitution of his own country, however, his love and veneration were still

more zealous. He gazed on that venerable fabric, 'raised by the collective wisdom of a thousand years,' till his mind was filled with exalted conceptions of its perfection, which he found somewhat disproportionate to its practical excellence. He could not without some degree of impatience rise from the study of the sublime original, to look abroad into the world, where he must be frequently condemned to see its purity corrupted and its rectitude distorted: and hence we find him occasionally indulging in a little angry declamation about faction and party, and joining in the old constitutional hue and cry against standing armies, and extolling the militia as the only safe and legal mode of national defence; prejudices which seem now to be daily becoming obsolete, and which the present state of Europe may soon totally exterminate. Charmed with the beauty of the fundamental laws by which the movements of our polity are regulated, he seems to have made too narrow an allowance for those numberless disturbing forces with which the nature and passions of man must sometimes necessarily interrupt the harmony of the system; and in some measure to have been betrayed into a weakness of the same kind as a philosopher who should be vexed and provoked that his experiments were frustrated by the resistance of the air or the operation of friction. We cannot, however, refuse our admiration to that dignified and liberal spirit of independence, that

> Dicendi quodcunque animo flagrante liberet
> Simplicitas,

which he always exercised, and to that benevolent interest which he never ceased to feel for the preservation of the essential liberties of mankind. A noble instance of this may be found in a letter written by him to the author of these Memoirs in the year 1788, occasioned by a conference between the judges and the executive government of Bengal, the object of which he conceived to be an application to the legislature for a power of summary conviction and punishment in Calcutta. Against this measure he most vigorously protests; boldly recommends the wise and humane policy of extending to the natives the beneficial effects of the British judicature; suggests a scheme by which the trial by juries may be preserved, consistently with the convenience of the individuals who should compose them; and anxiously deprecates the abolition of that mode of trial, 'without some greater good to compensate the private injustice, than would result from the power of summary conviction, if it were exercised by men whose monthly gains would depend on the number of complaints made, and fines levied.' PP. 315, 317.

His suggestions, lord Teignmouth informs us, were adopted in the application to parliament, and confirmed by its sanction.

It is almost needless to remark the tender and anxious attachment which is frequently expressed in these letters for his amiable consort, and his apprehension lest her health should suffer from the climate. As a brother and a son he was equally exemplary.—We cannot imagine a more pleasing tribute to his memory than the following circumstance:

'The pundits who were in the habit of attending him, when I saw them at a public *durbar*, a few days after that melancholy event', (his death) 'could neither restrain their tears for his loss, nor find terms to express their admiration at the wonderful progress which he had made, in the sciences which they professed.'

P. 400.

The letters are introduced into the body of the work, and not separately collected at the end of the volume; a method of the propriety of which we are not quite convinced, notwithstanding what the author has said in his preface. It may, however, be conceded, that this arrangement may be adopted with least inconvenience and most advantage, where the events are not very numerons or perplexed, and therefore is most allowable in the life of a literary man.

Among the original works published in the appendix, we find the design of the heroic poem which sir William had long meditated; and the first idea of which, it seems, was formed at Spa in the year 1770, in the twenty-third year of his age. 'Its subject is simply this: the discovery of our island by the Tyrian adventurers, who first gave it the name of Britain: in the second or allegorical sense it exhibits the character above mentioned of a perfect king of this country; a character the most glorious and beneficial, that the warmest imagination can form.' (P. 476.) The action was to consist of the adventures of the prince of Tyre previous to his final establishment in Britain. The machinery was to be taken 'partly from the Socratic doctrine of attendant spirits or benevolent angels, and partly from the scriptural accounts of Baal, Astarte, Nisroc, Dagon, Mammon, and Moloch.'—It was to be written in rhyme; and a specimen of its execution, consisting of eight lines, is adjoined. Of this design he never totally lost sight; but it was resumed with greater earnestness about the year 1787, when he had changed his resolution, and was inflexibly determined, in defiance of Johnson, to write it in blank verse. (P. 304.) He also intended to substitute a different machinery, taken entirely from the Indian mythology. The plan too is completely new-moulded; and the materials are assigned to each of the books, the number of which was to be twelve. (PP. 483 et seqq.) Of this embryo our limits do not permit us to enter into a full examination: we shall therefore content ourselves with remark-

ing, that the original design appears to us happier than the latter, and its machinery incomparably better chosen. The mythology of Hindûstan is so little known in this part of the world, that we greatly doubt whether the imagination of any but Oriental scholars would be soon sufficiently familiarized to the attributes of Indian divinities, or easily reconciled to their agency.

What would have been the rank of such a work executed by sir William Jones, it would now be idle to inquire. It would most probably have been highly enriched with the beauties, and perhaps somewhat disfigured with the extravagance, of Oriental imagery. It would have abounded with sentiments of the loftiest heroism, the tenderest benevolence, and the purest morality. Whether the whole would have been animated by the vital breath of poetical genius, which alone could have given it immortality, who shall pronounce? Our readers may not be displeased with the following specimen of its execution 'from Book VII.'

'As *Tibetian* mountains rise
Stupendous, measureless, ridge beyond ridge,
From *Himola*, below the point far seen
Of *Chumaluri*, to more lofty steeps,
Cambala vast, then loftier without bound,
Till sight is dimm'd, thought maz'd; the traveller
Perplex'd, and worn with toil each hour renew'd,
Still through deep vales, and o'er rough crags, proceeds:
Thus on the beach, now dyed with horrid gore,
Warrior o'er warrior tow'ring, arms on arms,
Dire series, press'd; one slain, the next more fierce,
Assail'd the Tyrian: he his falchion keen
Relax'd not, but still cloth'd its edge with death,
Disturb'd, yet undismay'd; stung, not appall'd.' P. 489.

The prefatory discourse to an intended essay on the history of the Turks, which also forms part of the appendix, contains a brief but interesting review of the most genuine materials from which such an history might be compiled; and of the merits of those writers who have hitherto illustrated the manners or the annals of that nation, either in the European or Eastern languages. It is justly regretted by sir William Jones, that 'the persons who have resided among the Turks, and who from their skill in the Eastern dialects have been best qualified to present us with an exact account of that nation, were either confined to a low sphere of life, or engaged in views of interest, and but little addicted to polite letters; while they who from their exalted stations and refined taste for literature, have had both the opportunity and the inclination to penetrate into the secrets of Turkish policy, have been ignorant of the language of Constantinople, and therefore but imperfectly qualified to as-

certain the sentiments and prejudices of so singular a people.' To this circumstance he ascribes the incomplete state of our information respecting the history and character of the Turks, and the hasty admission of many illiberal prejudices which have represented them as proud and ignorant barbarians. He therefore proposes, after enumerating the authorities from which his knowledge was to be derived, 'to trace out in the form of an essay the great outlines of the Turkish history,' leaving the minuter parts to be filled up as opportunity or leisure should invite. It appears also that from the age of Elizabeth to the present century, the history of our trade to the Levant was to be interwoven with it, and a few hints offered for its improvement, as an object of the highest importance to the whole nation.

In this prospectus there is enough to excite curiosity which must never be gratified, and regret which never can be allayed. It is needless to tell the public what they might have expected from one so admirably prepared for an undertaking of this nature as sir William Jones; or to indulge the melancholy satisfaction of enumerating the perfections which would most probably have been assembled in a work executed under the guidance of the most liberal philosophy, and the most wide and varied erudition.

One part of the task, however, which sir William seems to have imposed on himself, appears to us of no very easy performance. It is no less than the extirpation of those prejudices which have been universally indulged against the bigotry and ignorance of the infidels. He combats (not, perhaps, with complete success) the notion that ignorance is a principle of the Mahommedan religion; and that too liberal a spirit of inquiry was forbidden by the prophet, lest it should conduct his followers to the suspicion of his being an impostor. This jealousy for the honour of 'the faithful' may perhaps be traced to his fondness for every thing however remotely connected with Oriental literature. And the successful cultivation of the Arabian tongue, with the considerable advances which were made in various departments of philosophy, under the patronage of the caliphs, may be allowed in some degree to justify his opposition to the established opinion. At the same time he must have been compelled to confess that the vast libraries of Bagdad and Cordova were chiefly crowded with ponderous commentaries on that holy volume which supplied the believers with the maxims of jurisprudence, as well as with the precepts of theology; that the moral and political wisdom of the Greek philosophers was rejected by their doctors, as inculcating a spirit of freedom and toleration inconsistent with the existence of military and religious despotism; and that the commanders of the

faithful have at times been reproved by the sages of the law, for the rashness which prompted them to encourage the diffusion of science. If there be passages in the Koran which recommend the earnest search for learning, there are others which remind the Mussulman that all essential knowledge is to be found there; and the well known reply of the caliph Omar, which sentenced the Alexandrian library to destruction, is conceived in the same spirit which has held a great part of the globe in intellectual bondage: 'If these works agree with the book of God, they are useless and need not be preserved; if they contradict it, they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed.'

But whatever may be conceded to the Arabians, the effect of the persuasion of Mahommed upon the Turks is more obvious and unequivocal. Surrounded by nations whose belief they despise, and persuaded that they are in possession of the only true faith, they view with contempt every pursuit which has no tendency to illustrate their own manners, or their own history. And hence that solemn arrogance with which they claim a superiority over all their neighbours, and the insolent indifference with which they have generally regarded the politics and the characters of the other nations of Europe. Besides, what can be said for the letters of a people among whom printing was not introduced till the middle of the eighteenth century, and who suffered the project to die with the enterprising and industrious individual who began it? We are persuaded that the most indulgent review of Turkish literature will be found to prove, not that the genius of the Mahommedan faith is favourable to intellectual improvement, but only that it has been unable entirely to extinguish among its followers the thirst for knowledge, or to repress the expansive force of human curiosity.

Of the remaining articles in the appendix, little need be said. That of the most importance is the story of an episode in the heroic poem of Ferdûsi, the Homer of Persia, which sir William Jones intended to have wrought into a tragedy, the plan of which the author of the Memoirs has thought too imperfect for publication. The others are merely morsels of poetry, none of them very delicious: and we think that the public would not reasonably have complained of the omission of a ballad to lady Jones, remarkable for nothing but the rapidity with which it was composed; and of love stanzas to a nameless fair-one, of whose understanding we should entertain no very favourable opinion if we thought she could be much gratified by being mistaken for Diana.

On the whole, we close this volume with emotions of the warmest gratitude for the author, and of admiration for that

illustrious character whose virtues and talents he has undertaken to record. It is no mean accession to the literary wealth of the public, to be in possession of the life of one whose labours will form a most important epoch in the literature and jurisprudence of the East.

ART. IV.—*Sermons on the Evils that are in the World, and on various other Topics; from the German of the Rev. George Joachim Zollikofer, Minister of the Reformed Congregation at Leipzig. By the Rev. William Tooke, F.R.S. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. Boards.* Longman. 1804.

THE reputation already acquired by Mr. Zollikofer, minister of the reformed congregationat Leipzig, will certainly not suffer by the work with which Mr. Tooke has now favoured the public. It abounds in large and comprehensive views, in deep thinking, in solid reasoning, and is distinguished by an arrangement at once easy and correct. The language in which the arguments are enforced, is manly and clear; and is well suited to the nature of the author's subjects, as well as to the manner in which they are treated. These Sermons are indeed not common productions; and while we recommend the whole of them to the Christian world in general, we think some of them peculiarly deserving the notice, the calm and patient attention, of those "Seekers" in religion (to borrow an expression from Mr. Pope's celebrated letter* to bishop Atterbury) who deem themselves no vulgar inquirers, no ordinary sceptics. If they do not find an answer to their inquiries, if they do not obtain rest to their doubts, the fault is not in Christianity, it is not in the present acute and eloquent defender of it: it must be sought for elsewhere; and may perhaps be found where they least expect it,—in their own hearts. 'For with the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness.' Rom. x. 10.

The preface opens with these words: 'The teacher of religion and Christianity is at the same time, to the great mass of mankind, the only public teacher of wisdom.' This remark is commented upon with great ability, and we sincerely wish the clergy to give it that consideration which its importance so justly demands. Whatever demonstrates their responsibility, will, we doubt not, augment their personal diligence in the discharge of their duty.

The number of sermons contained in the two volumes is

* Warburton's edition of Pope, vol. viii. p. 63.

fifty-eight, each of which is preceded by an appropriate prayer; and after what has been said of them, our readers will be more obliged to us for extracts than for any observations of our own. From the first four, however, 'on the evils that are in the world' (Deut. xxxii. 4.), which are intended "to vindicate the ways of God to man," we offer no quotations, persuaded that detached passages would give only a very incomplete idea of the whole. They seem to contain all the arguments by which it is possible to prove the present advantageous situation of man; and they will serve to diminish the magnitude, if not the catalogue, of natural and moral evils. The subject is extensive, and may be thought intricate; but it may be safely asserted, that he who does not rise from the banquet a sated guest, cannot complain either of the disposition or the preparation of the viands.

Sermons xviii. and xix. are on public diversions. Though we are not quite so bad as our neighbours, the French, yet this is with us an age of diversions. 'Natio comœda est.' We cannot therefore hope that the professedly dissipated will listen to any instruction which tends to diminish the quantity or the intensity of their pleasures; but if the quotation we are about to make should strengthen the wisdom of the wiser part of the British nation, some good will be obtained.

'To every one who reflects on these past enjoyments in the silence of solitude, this question will naturally occur: What would be the consequence if I were to use these pleasures and diversions too often? Would they always continue thus harmless to me? Should I always so successfully overcome every temptation to envy, to pride, to vanity; always preserve the same order in my mind, the virtuous, the christian temper, and universal benevolence, so unimpaired; always secure my heart from levity and folly? Might I not gradually lose all relish for weighty and serious concerns, for whatever is generous and great? Would not at length my acts of divine worship, my exercises of devotion, silent meditation on God and religion, on my present and future appointment, the affairs of my vocation, the discharge of my christian, my civil, my domestic duties, become burdensome to me? Would it not cost me too much time in the decoration of my person, in the preparatives to these pleasures, and in recruiting myself after them? Should I truly enjoy my life, which is already so short and transient? Should I so employ it as becomes a reasonable being, a christian, if I were to give into so many dissipations, and direct my chief attention to frivolities?

'And what disorders would not hence ensue? Here are the affairs of my calling, which I cannot neglect without manifest prejudice; the due management whereof demands a disengaged mind, a continued industry, and an unwearied application: there are domestic affairs, which are seldom to be postponed without injury, or solely entrusted to others without waste, which without the inspection and interference of the master or mistress may easily get

into confusion. Here are innocent uneducated children, who want the presence, the care, the support of their parents; whose mind and heart are to be formed by them; whose education should be their principal, their favourite employment; and who in their absence are never out of danger from bad example and noxious impressions: there are widows, orphans, poor, sick, friends, acquaintance, whom as men and christians we are bound to assist, to advise, and to comfort; whose happiness we may and should promote, not merely by our alms, but by various personal services and soothing attentions.—But how can I fulfill these duties, how comply with these demands, if I make too frequent a use of public amusements and diversions? if I dissipate in such pursuits the attention, the means, the time, the faculties, which I want for so many more important objects?' Vol. 1. P. 352.

From Sermon xix. on the subject before mentioned, we make the following valuable extract.

'The too frequent use of social pleasures and dissipations has a pernicious influence on the mind, and promotes an habitual levity of conduct.

'We are indeed principally framed for joy, for the contented and cheerful enjoyment of our existence, and all the bounties of heaven, but not for levity; the former, but not the latter, wisdom and religion are adapted to promote. Joy, real permanent joy, is a serious thing; rises out of sedate reflection and consideration; is the fruit of a wise, virtuous, pious heart, a heart glowing with love towards God and man: levity is the assassin of this joy.—Seriousness is not melancholy; but neither is true joy noisy and riotous.—Levity is indeed not wickedness, not iniquity; it is, however, but too frequently the way to both.' Vol. 1. P. 372.

The author's description (in the same sermon) of what is not, and what is, *good company*, a term miserably prostituted, is very worthy of notice.

'That is not real, noble, christian company, where people only sit together—often entirely for the sake of enjoying social amusements and pastimes. Much less is that to be called company, where people come together for making a parade of their distinctions; for casting a shade upon others, for making them feel that they are less rich, less honoured, less beautiful, that they have less taste and wit, less of the elegance and fashion of high life; when people come together for spying out each others' defects; for discovering their latent infirmities, and dragging them forth for the finger of scorn to point at; sifting out of them their smaller or greater secrets; making sport of their foibles; abusing their simplicity and open-heartedness; or employing their mistakes and passions as instruments to their selfish views: or, when people come together, merely for coming together; for shunning the irksomeness of domestic quiet; for seeing and being seen; for learning some new trifling fashion; or solely for amusing themselves with idle pastimes.

'No, that alone is real company, where persons of benevolent affections associate in an useful way; forget all difference of fortune, station, quality, condition, personal privileges; and devoid of envy, of jealousy, of party-spirit, of rancour, of petulance and satirical derision, esteem and honour all men as they find them, as brethren, and as men; do each man justice; not only strict justice, but tempered with candour and indulgence; allow each to pass for his full value, and unmolestedly to exert his particular talents and abilities; lend their strength to the weak, their understanding to the ignorant; impart confidence to the timid, shew a bitter example to the faulty, and sympathize with the virtuous; rejoice with the merry, and weep with the mourner; make the bad which is seen or heard serve as a warning, the good for encouragement and example; cover and conceal the former, and acknowledge the latter with cheerful applause. This, my friends, is company which renders both ourselves and others wiser and better.' P. 374.

In Sermon xx. 'on the principal sources of infidelity,' the author thus speaks of the pernicious influence of pride.

'Pride is one source of the prevailing infidelity. Those who suffer themselves to be governed by this vice, are the slaves of vanity. As such they wish to exalt themselves above others; they want to distinguish themselves from the crowd; they would be wiser than the rest of mankind. They account it disgraceful, from the high opinion they entertain of their own penetration, to think and to judge as other men do. The farther therefore they keep aloof from the opinions and sentiments of others, the greater and more exalted are they in their own imagination. Hence it is, that they have no taste for truths which are in a manner received and credited by all. Hence it is that they assent to the most extraordinary propositions without much reflection, merely because they are extraordinary. What is singular and out of the way has so many charms for them, that they grasp and maintain it, without so much as examining whether it be wrong or right, true or false, useful or prejudicial. In like manner as they act in regard to the things of this world:—nothing is agreeable to them if it be not extraordinary and rare; they despise what is common, though never so beautiful in itself, never so excellent and beneficial:—so likewise do they act in regard to religion. As they reject and deride it now, because even the mechanic and the day-labourer, the meanest among the people, have the happiness to understand and to believe it; so would they profess and maintain it, if infidelity were common and prevalent. But is it not inexcusable folly in a matter of the highest importance, to pursue a method which no man of sound understanding and good taste would adopt in the ordinary transactions of life? Is the truth or the falsehood of a proposition to be judged of by the greater or smaller number of its adherents and defenders? May there not just as probably be truths which are acknowledged and revered by a great part of mankind, as there may be errors which have spread far and wide over the face of the earth? Is it not

an inconceivable absurdity to sacrifice the interests of our immortal spirit, and the hope of everlasting felicity, to the vain desire of distinguishing oneself from others? What should we think of the prudence of him who should leave the plain and safe highway, only because it is plain and safe, and strike off into the most dangerous by-paths for reaching the place to which he was bound?

'Pride, moreover, prevents a man from relinquishing the opinions he has once embraced, or retracting the errors he has long maintained. It prevents him from examining afresh a circumstance on which he has before decidedly pronounced, and pursuing this examination with greater attention and care than he has hitherto bestowed upon it. Should he do this, should he actually alter his sentiments, he must acknowledge his weakness and ignorance; he must allow that he has been premature and deceived in his judgments; he must grant that others excel him in perspicacity, in wisdom and knowledge. But how distressing must it be to the proud spirit to make such a humiliating expression, and so far to deny his darling propensity!' P. 392.

Sermon xxi. is on some of the prejudices against Christianity.

'One prejudice against it,' says the author, 'is built on the small influence this religion has had on the temper and conduct of its professors. It is seen, that many who name the name of Christ, are no better, not more virtuous, not more holy, than they who have only the light of reason for their guide, and thence is drawn an unfavourable conclusion against the excellency and divine origin of the christian religion. We must confess that this charge is not without foundation; it is a truth which daily experience but too much confirms; a truth which in all equity ought to shame and confound us, which should rouse us from the perilous sleep of sin, from our spiritual slumbers, and incite us to the zealous discharge of our duties. But where falls the disgrace arising from this truth? Where justly lies the reproach? On Christianity, or on its unworthy professors? Certainly on these, and not on that. No, we need not be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, that is invariably a power of God unto salvation. But Christ must be ashamed of us, who declare ourselves his disciples, without following his example, and being so minded as he also was. Or, is not the Christian religion the holiest religion that ever was delivered to mankind? Is there one vice, one sin, one failing, that it does not expressly condemn, that it does not severely prohibit? Is there one virtue, one good quality, which it does not recommend, which it does not forcibly press and inculcate? Have not all its doctrines, all its commands, all its promises and threats, evidently our improvement and sanctification in view? Are they not all adapted in their very nature to make us the most just, the most affectionate, the most beneficent, the most generous of mankind? Is it possible for motives to goodness to be stronger than those which the Gospel holds out to us? Should we then reject and despise a doctrine thus constituted, because many who pretend to embrace it, neglect altogether the practice of it, or oppose its salutary influence? Then should we

likewise pronounce natural religion and all that it teaches us concerning God, his attributes, his providence, and a future retribution, to be errors, since few live conformably to it; or can we with any shew of reason require, that the gospel should act with an irresistible sway on its professors, and convert and save them without their concurrence, nay against their consent? Where has Christ, where have his apostles, given us the least room for so absurd an expectation? Should we still be free agents, should we still be capable of reward or punishment, if it did not depend on our own choice either to observe or to neglect the precepts of Christianity? And is that then to blame, if many, if the majority, prefer the latter course?

The whole of this, and of the preceding discourse, is full of excellent matter,—of matter admirably calculated to remove doubt, and to reward investigation.

Highly as we esteem the productions before us, we must confess that they are better suited to the closet than the pulpit. We do not state this opinion, however, to detract from their merit, but merely because we think that merit will not be completely discovered at a slight and superficial glance. The prayers preceding the Sermons are strongly recommended to the attention of the English clergy. They are not only elegant compositions, but always have a reference to the subject of the discourse that follows them. They are among Zollikofer's greatest beauties.

With respect to the translator, we have to say, that the public is much indebted to him for the task he has undertaken, and for the manner in which it has been executed. For this task he is extremely well qualified by a thorough acquaintance with the German language; and, at the same time, what cannot be said of every translator, he is perfect master of his own. He wants nerve indeed, and we cannot but wish that such expressions as 'hanker after' and 'boggle at' (of which the former occurs in pages 354, 401, the latter in page 411, of the first volume) had been avoided; still it is only justice to Mr. Tooke to add, that the general turn of his style is entitled to commendation, and that we have noted very few instances in which—a thing almost unavoidable—the idiom of our own language is sacrificed to that of the original. 'The great pest of speech,' says Johnson, in the preface to his Dictionary, 'is frequency of translation. No book was ever turned from one language into another, without imparting something of its native idiom'

It has been our lot to hear the author of these beautiful discourses, address his countrymen from the pulpit; we have heard this venerable pastor, this exemplary Christian, this enlightened divine, deliver his sermons, clothed in all that energy

of which the German language is so eminently capable. But the profligate inhabitants of Leipzig did not flock in crowds to listen to him; neither did they treasure up his precepts in their hearts. The audiences of 'the German Demosthenes' were very slender; the impression his eloquence made upon their minds, the influence it had upon their conduct, were the same. We sincerely wish that having assumed an English garb, they may have a better effect upon English readers, than they have had upon the author's immoral countrymen and countrywomen. Mr. Tooke will, we doubt not, think himself amply rewarded for his labours, if his translation be the means of turning 'one sinner from the error of his way.'

ART. V.—*Specimens of Scarce Translations of the Seventeenth Century, from the Latin Poets. To which are added Miscellaneous Translations from the Greek, Spanish, Italian, &c. By Robert Walpole, Esq. B. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge.* 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d. Boards.* Mawman. 1805.

THE 'Translations' which are here offered to the public, are certainly *scarce*; but are all things valuable in proportion to their scarcity? Mr. Walpole is decidedly of opinion, in his preface, that the specimens before us are far superior to other works of the same nature written in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and perhaps he is right: but still we doubt whether they are entitled to much praise. That some of them possess partial merit, no one will dispute; but from prosaic language, inharmonious construction, and a perpetual recurrence of miserable rhymes, the reader of delicate taste can derive but little gratification. Harmony, indeed, is so essential, so indispensable an ingredient in poetry, that without it, it can scarcely have the power to please; and nothing less than the energy of Dryden and Lucretius could compensate for their unpolished versification. We know that this elegant art seldom reaches its meridian and acquires its final polish in any country before the Augustan age of literature. In the case in question, as in all others, merit is comparative. We do not mean to say that the authors of the selections before us are destitute of merit, considering the age in which they lived; but we mean to say that that merit is not sufficiently great to give us, or any other lover of poetry, a wish to read them.

The French translations in this little volume are of a much better stamp than the English ones; but literature and taste were far advanced on the continent, while they were yet in

their infancy in this country. The version of a part of Horace, Od. 3. Lib. 1. by Perron; and that from Ovid 'De Arte Amandi,' Lib. 1. v. 683. by Nicole; are very good: the latter particularly is truly French; it is full of spirit and vivacity.

Of Mr. Walpole's own effusions we shall speak in a very different tone; the correctness of that gentleman's taste, the extent and variety of his knowledge, are not unknown to us. We most heartily welcome his first appearance in print, and hope that he will often be announced to us in future. It is only to be lamented that he has not favoured us with more of his own productions, in the place of those of his antiquated favourites.

It may not be amiss to observe that our author, in his advertisement, alludes to a suggestion that had been made to him to insert the Greek originals, but states that for certain reasons (which are by no means sufficient ones) he has declined doing so. We wish he had followed the admonition of his friends; he would have increased the amusement of the classical reader, and given us an opportunity of judging of his merits as a translator. To search in the 'Anthologia' or elsewhere for these originals, would be to bestow more trouble than is necessary on a publication which is not of first-rate importance.

Our author's motive for giving the present volume to the world cannot be misunderstood: every page demonstrates that it was for the purpose of making a display of knowledge; and this is done with no little ostentation. *Greek*, and *Latin*, and *French*, and *Italian*, and *Spanish*, (languages which Mr. Walpole may, or may not, understand,) make rather too much noise in a book consisting of 164 small pages. The idea of coming forward in print, was probably suggested to him by the recent publication of lord Strangford's elegant 'Translations from the Portuguese.' Mr. Walpole seems to have taken that noble lord for his model; neither, in our opinion, is he inferior to his original. But our readers shall judge for themselves. The first thing that seems to deserve particular notice, occurs in page 115.

'*From the Greek.*

'Again upon the wings of night
I stole my slumb'ring senses o'er;
That dream that brought my soul's delight,
Whom oft I clasp'd in sleep before.
Yet no soft dream, I swear, like this,
So bath'd my soul in perfect bliss;
For, oh! such lovely hues bestowing
Fancy ne'er in colours glowing
Drew thee, my fair, in all thy charms
Imparadis'd in these fond arms:—

" Stay thy fiery steeds, oh! stay,"
I cried, " thou envious God of day!
Vain the pray'r; and with the night
Fled each vision of delight.
Yet oft I thank thee, God of love,
That e'en in dreams such bliss I prove:
That thus I feel my gladden'd soul
Burn with desire that mocks control:
Whene'er in sleep my fancy warm
Pictures, my fair, thy radiant form;
And, glowing through each thrilling vein,
Fires my love-bewilder'd brain.'

We have a little piece in page 118 that is still more pleasing:

'*From the Greek.*

'Once I know in madd'ning hour
I own'd your beauty's magic power,
And prais'd those eyes of liquid blue,
Those lips which sham'd the morning's hue,
The golden locks whose wavy flow
Shaded those rising hills of snow.
You each ardent wish repress'd;
You continued still reproving.
Still I woo'd and still was loving,
Still to you the sigh address'd.

'Now, alas! what changes rise!
Mark, each grace, each beauty flies;
Time, your cruel foe, at last
Grants me vengeance for the past;
Youth no more that eye illumes;
Age has brought its joyless glooms:
Cease; those lures to spread forbear;
Vain that studied dress, and care;
Others tempt; I'm not of those
Who seek the thorn, and leave the rose.'

The translation from the Greek that succeeds this, is the worst of our author's productions; it has little or no merit of any kind whatever: but the last four stanzas of its successor are vastly spirited.

'Thy girdle, queen of soft desire,
Say, could it wake such pleasing fire;
Such joy, such hope, and love inspire,
As thrill this beating bosom?

'Ah! no:—thy power were nought to this;
That lip which prompts the glowing kiss,
That voice which whispers future bliss,
Outvie thy girdle's magic.

'For these my blood runs mantling high,
And quick'ning spirits glad mine eye;
For these oft bursts th' unbidden sigh,
Oft glows the thought enamour'd.

'Yet no despondent murmurs rise,
While hope in those love-beaming eyes
Couch'd in soft slumber smiling lies,
Each anxious moment cheering.' P. 122.

The following ode (or whatever else it may be denominated) is naturally and beautifully descriptive of the struggle between that modesty, we had almost said coquetry, whose influence over the softer sex is so great, and that passion whose influence is greater still. We must transcribe the whole of it.

'*From the Greek.*

'Still I mark those scornful eyes;
Each fond wish you still reprove;
Yet that throbbing breast, those sighs,
Tears, and looks, too well reveal
What you feel,
Though you still deny you love.

'Hear, O God of young desires
Your dread shafts, oh! bid her prove;
Bid her glow with all your fires,
Till her lips this truth reveal,
"Now I feel,
Now I know what 'tis to love." P. 127.

The last extract which we shall give, is a translation from the Italian. It is a charming little *jeu d'esprit*. The double compliment to Rosa is exquisitely well-turned.

'*From the Italian.*

'(Marino.)

'As, Venus, late you miss'd your boy,
And anxious sought where he had stray'd;
"One kiss," you cried, "I'll give with joy
To him who knows where Cupid's laid."

'Give me the kiss;—for see he lies
In the dark heaven of Rosa's eyes;
Or bid my Rosa's lips bestow
The kiss, and yours I will forego.' P. 136.

But in the present instance, as on all other occasions, indiscriminate praise would not be just. If we descend to verbal criticism, we shall find that this writer is by no means devoid of

faults. It is true that they are somewhat trifling; but his verses are so good, that we could wish to see them perfect:

Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

Occasionally a bad rhyme is observable; though we must do Mr. Walpole the justice to say that upon the whole he is extremely careful on this point. 'Warm' and 'form' do not constitute a legitimate rhyme; nor, unless our memory fails us extremely, are they to be found corresponding in any good poet. The example of Darwin, we know, may be urged against us; and Darwin possesses no small share of our admiration; but it must be allowed that he is no model. The sound of 'him' and 'limb' (page 114) is certainly similar; but it is a shabby rhyme. We also notice the substantives 'glow' and 'gloom' in the plural number: this, to say the least, is an inelegancy; as each of these words concludes a line, we should be led to suspect that the author had introduced them for the sake of the rhyme, were it not that such a supposition would be unworthy of Mr. Walpole's talents. The translation from the Greek, page 119, has been before mentioned as a very moderate performance. The third line of the first stanza,

'Still glows my passion's earliest heat,'

is almost obscure. It ill expresses, what we suppose it was meant to express, that his passion is still as fervent as when in its earliest stage. The first line of the fourth stanza,

'The roses on thy lips *are still*,'

is very poor and very lame.

It is to be presumed that in what follows (page 121), the fourth line of every stanza is intended to be Iambic Dimeter Catalectic. The last line then of the second stanza wants a syllable. How could Mr. Walpole imagine (what he certainly must have imagined) that the word 'require, is a trissyllable?—This little poem is indisputably one of the best. We have quoted a part of it above. Yet there are several errors in it. 'Perfume' and 'scent' in the third stanza mean the same thing. 'Haunts' and 'dawn,' which come close together in the fourth, make a disagreeable jingling. We read of the 'purple light of love' in Gray; Phrynichus *(apud Athenæum)* has

Λαμπει δ' επι πορφυρεησι
Παρειησι ΦΩΣ 'ΕΡΩΤΟΣ,

and the expression is delightful in either language: but 'beauty's light' (in the stanza alluded to) is not so.

'And sparkling glow with passion warm.'

Does 'warm' agree with 'passion?'—if it does, it is superfluous and weak. Is it the nominative case agreeing with 'eyes' which occurs two lines before?—it is the same.

In page 137, line 6, we do not approve of 'blushing' and 'bloom' being so near one another. In the first place, they have nearly the same signification; in the next place, the alliteration, however fashionable, is any thing rather than a beauty.

'And sighing o'er, inhales the soft perfume.'

The pronoun 'them' is wanting. The genius of the English language, unlike that of the Latin and Greek, does not suffer the omission of the pronoun. With these exceptions, the whole of this sonnet (for a sonnet we take it to be) is very chaste.

Little can be said in praise of the last of the English productions. Anapæstics do not appear to suit this writer so well as the more solid metres; or perhaps it is the flippancy of the subject which is not congenial with him. An English anapæstic dimeter may consist either of eleven or twelve syllables, inasmuch as an Iambus is admissible in the first place instead of an anapæst. But eleven is the smallest number possible: Mr. Walpole has one of ten:

'Has just learnt to throb with love's pleasing pain.'

Where is the person whose ear does not inform him that a syllable is wanting in the middle of the line? The last lines of this poem are very indifferent: Mr. Walpole has contrived to conclude the English part of his effusions lamely and impotently.

But there is an objection to this gentleman's writings, infinitely more serious than any that has yet been hinted at: we mean their tendency; which, it is to be feared, is rather immoral than otherwise. The beginning of one of the old translations from a Latin poet, is so grossly indecent, that the insertion of it calls for our warmest reprehension. It behoved Mr. Walpole to know that not only morality, but taste, does in our times forbid the publication of such bare-faced licentiousness. The days of Charles the Second are no more.

As a poet, our readers will conclude from the foregoing observations, and from the specimens that have been given, that Mr. Walpole has considerable pretensions, at least as far as a judgment may be formed from translations. If his genius be equal to his taste, we shall not hesitate to put him on a level with the best poets of the present day; but he must allow us to see some of his original compositions, he must give us an opportunity of estimating his fancy and the powers of his mind, before we can pronounce. We hope, for our own sake and that of the coun-

try, that he will shortly come forward in that line; and that when he does, he will support the reputation of which he now gives so good an earnest. But it must be on a different subject; it must not be in the style of *Little*. We are apt to imagine, from the warmth with which he writes, that amatory subjects are those which suit him best; we do suspect that he describes feelings which he himself has oft experienced, transactions 'quorum pars magna fuit;' that

> 'He oft has been in madd'ning hour
> Alive to Beauty's magic power;'

that he is no stranger to 'the kisses of Rosa.' But let him attempt something more important, more dignified, Ἀοιδαν, ΑΡΕΤΑΣ δεξ ιωταταν ὑπαδον. It is time that he should cease

> 'To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair.'

Besides what we have already remarked upon, the book before us contains a translation from the Spanish of Luis de Leon by Mr. Southey; which, to say the least of it, is not the worst English poem in the collection: a Greek version of the same, by Mr. Walpole: a translation of a scene in Moliere: an epitaph on the late amiable and unfortunate Mr. Tweddell: and an ode which obtained sir William Brown's annual medal at Cambridge in the year 1801:—all in Greek. A short copy of Latin Alcaics makes up the complement of this pleasing little volume. These exercises we must defer noticing at present; a much larger space has already been devoted to Mr. Walpole than is usually allowed to similar publications, and which indeed nothing but his merit would justify. Moreover, the very short time that THE CRITICAL REVIEW has been in our hands, has precluded the possibility of our attending to the above-mentioned articles with that critical accuracy which is due to the importance of classical learning. This circumstance indeed must plead our excuse with a candid and discerning public, for the numerous deficiencies that will doubtless be discovered in this *our first Number*. As soon as the necessary arrangements can be made, we entertain sanguine hopes that our REVIEW will be conducted in such a manner as to merit the public approbation.

(To be continued.)

ART. VI.—*Flim-Flams! or, The Life and Errors of my Uncle, and the Amours of my Aunt! with Illustrations and Obscurities, by Messieurs Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, and an Illuminating Index!* 3 *Vols. small* 8*vo. With* 9 *Plates.* 18*s. Boards.* Murray. 1805.

WE have a claim upon eccentricity for entertainment. Dull whims, like the capers of a dray-horse, provoke the lash. The author of the farrago before us professes himself a member of the Shandean family. He seems to us to have a good deal of the indecency, but no tittle of the wit, of Sterne. The imitation indeed of capricious humour can seldom be successful; always the chief, often the only merit of works of this nature, is their originality. Other styles may be copied, but not that of Sterne. Cumberland, in his 'Henry,' has followed Fielding with much ability; the company of 'Dinarbas' does no discredit to its master, although Hawkesworth traces the steps of Johnson as Statius did those of Virgil—'sequitur longè, et vestigia semper adorat.' The plan of this author is to ridicule the most celebrated professors of experimental philosophy, in the character of 'my Uncle;' whom he describes as running the gauntlet of every art and science, and successively assuming the absurdities of the individuals most distinguished in each pursuit. But he forgets the dignity of the institutions of which these men are members: and directs his indiscriminating satire against improvements of every kind; as well as against those students who, with the best of motives, the increase of their knowledge, have been misled by sanguine imaginations, and occasionally carried their pretensions to improvement, beyond the bounds of practicability. Yet are they not to have their names safely handled with irreverence, by every saucy dabbler in the sciences; which their labours have generally illumined, though they may partially have obscured them.

But this author pretends to expose the licentiousness of the language of amateurs, in every art and science; or, as he barbarously styles them, 'Philos of any thing.' As to the pruriency of these terms of science,—if they are correctly quoted, why are they *quoted* at all? What is such a reproduction of obscenity, but to recast the Sphintriæ, and to multiply the copies of the books of Elephantis? The sixth satire of Juvenal has not promoted the cause of chastity; nor, to come more closely to the point, can the notes in the 'Pursuits of Literature' upon the metaphorical indecencies in the style of the Dilettanti, and the symbolical models exhibited at their meetings, have any other than a bad effect. The reproof of vice is too often criminal itself.—The last volume of this work

abounds in passages highly exceptionable; nor is the ninth plate by any means free from impurity. A female astronomer is introduced as a substitute for the Widow Wadman,—(this author, we allow, has exactly copied Sterne in the jejuneness of his story: except that he has made 'my Uncle' die in prison in the most shockingly disgusting manner; instead of making his lucubrations, like 'my Father's,' end in 'a cock and a bull')—to be married to 'my Uncle;' and her character is used as the vehicle of much gross abuse, particularly of the sister of Dr. Herschel. We surely need not extract any farther proof of low illiberality from the pages of this uncandid writer. He anticipates our censure, and we congratulate him upon this single instance of his sagacity.

The persons alluded to in this book (and it is, as we have shown, most offensive in personalities) are supposed, in one of the *five* prefaces, to be either frightened or diverted with it. Why so? There must be power to terrify, and humour to amuse. The consummation of impudence has been defined 'the abuse of one's own practice.' The fifth preface to this book concludes with repeated unmeaning marks of admiration (which disgusted us throughout), stiffly affecting to ridicule the modern art of book-making. These five prefaces, copious contents of chapters, explanations of the plates, blank pages, long mottoes, and illuminating index (as this new expedient to swell a novel is absurdly called), entirely supersede the use of any text; and indeed we could have spared it without a sigh. Hyperbolical irony, explained by the help of italics; pregnant dashes; and ungrammatical punctuation; are unaccountably mistaken by this author for happy ridicule. He opens the Philosophical Transactions; looks out for odd experiments; and, covering himself all over with the 'shreds and patches' of science, comes forward, like a Merry-Andrew, to laugh at his own absurd appearance. The only humorous description in the book is that of 'my Uncle' and his friends drinking gas. It is copied word for word from 'the Pneumatic Revellers,' a poem to be found in the sixth volume of the Anti-Jacobin Review.

That he does not understand his own language, this scribbler shows by making the verb 'to ache' active, with other flagrant faults; that he does not understand Greek, by taking phantasma to be the plural number; that he cannot scan Latin, by his quotation of 'O noctes cœnæque Divûm!' that he cannot construe it, by his rendering 'illibatus' *blameless*. His classical stories are indeed his own: as that of Titus asking Vespasian, if he was not ashamed to levy a certain tax; for the correctness of which account, we refer the reader to the life of T. F. V. in Suetonius, c. 23. But his classical *remarks* are not so; even the trivial one upon Heyne is stolen from a late

controversy in the Literary Journal.—Having concluded our proofs of the plagiarism, indecency, illiberality, and dulness, of this author, we have only to notice his mode of quotation; which is that of detaching sentences, and even words, from the writer he wishes to expose, without any regard to the context: and his inconsistent impudence in giving his characters nicknames in the text, and printing their real ones at full length in the notes; like a sign-post painter, who, not content with libelling the marquis of Granby, or St. George and the Dragon, in his daubings, writes to prevent mistakes who they are at the bottom.

That there are some strokes of applicable satire, some ludicrous experiments supposed to be made by amateurs, in this book, is but poor praise: for where abuse is general, it must sometimes be just; and when a quiver, even of blunt arrows, is exhausted by an outrageous marksman, though they may never hurt, they must occasionally hit their objects. Yet this writer ridicules the only studies he seems to have applied to: certainly to a knowledge of classical antiquity, though he presumes to laugh at two of our greatest scholars, he has no pretence; but, as a modern antique, he holds a high rank in the annals of absurdity. Is he a disappointed excluded Philo himself? If these pursuits are useless, why did he so intimately acquaint himself with their tendencies? His book is a perfect epitome of every system of folly he finds fault with; in which himself wears the most prominent fool's-cap, and rattles the loudest bells.

We are aware of the folly of racking butterflies upon the wheel: but this author is a hornet, who has fallen into a nest of wasps; which wasps, if they do their duty, will sting him without compassion. We have therefore at length examined a book which conveys neither instruction nor entertainment: both because it abuses, not only many respectable characters, but also some of our noblest national institutions for the promotion of literature, art, and science; and because its pretensions to instruct and entertain are confident, although they rest solely upon three hot-pressed volumes of heavy trifles, and nine grotesque plates,—in the room of which we think this author might have substituted the black or marble pages of his model Sterne, with equal advantage and less expence.

ART. VII.— *Selections from the Works of Taylor, Hooker, Hall, and Lord Bacon. With an Analysis of 'the Advancement of Learning.' By Basil Montagu, Esq. A.M.* 12mo. 7s. *Boards.* Mawman. 1805.

AS long as piety and learning are held in just estimation by the world, the names of Taylor, Hooker, and Bacon, will never be pronounced but with veneration, nor their works perused but with improvement. Any effort, therefore, to increase their celebrity, and to encourage a taste for their writings, is entitled to no small share of our commendation.

The quaint yet energetic style of the ancient divines, forms a striking contrast with many of the flimsy productions of modern pulpit eloquence; the meretricious ornaments of which are calculated to please rather than to instruct, to procure popular applause more than to promote edification. Distinguished by their ardent zeal, their exemplary piety, their unbending intrepidity, the sacred ministers of former days omitted no opportunity of condemning the vices and immoralities of the world, in language the most powerful and affecting. No delicate restraint, no fear of offending, no cautious circumspection, no motives of interest, induced them to conceal their own sentiments, and the judgments denounced by heaven against the violation of the laws of the gospel. The purity of their lives, defying scrutiny, commanded attention: they were heard; they were admired. We are delighted with any attempt to revive their almost forgotten labours.

The limits generally allotted to the review of a publication of this kind, will not permit us to enter fully into a detail of its contents. We do not hesitate to pronounce the compilation both judicious and interesting: but from Mr. Montagu's well-known talents, what otherwise could be expected? We must at the same time observe, that the letter of sir Walter Raleigh to his wife might as well have been omitted; as it has appeared a thousand times in similar selections, and is in the hands of almost every school-boy. It is our opinion also, that the object for which Mr. Montagu in his preface professes himself to have been induced to present his little work to the public, will be in some degree defeated by the price. The bulk of the volume, and its price in consequence, are much augmented, by the 'Analysis of Bacon's "Advancement of Learning." This certainly can afford no amusement to the generality of readers; and the pages which are devoted to it, would have been better employed in farther extracts from those authors

to which Mr. Montagu has so deserved a partiality: at least, he might have formed it into a separate pamphlet.

The name of Barrow on the first page led us to hope for considerable entertainment; but we were much surprised not to find a single line from a writer so universally esteemed. The solitary quotation from Hooker is so beautiful, as to leave cause for regret that the compiler has not favoured us with more.

'Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.'

With this splendid piece of oratory let us compare part of a chorus in the most finished tragedy of the first dramatic writer of antiquity, and we shall see that the English divine soars far above the poet of Athens:

—— λογων
Ἔργων τε παντων, ὧν νομοι πρόκεινται
Ὑψιπόδες γ' ἀγαναν δι' αἰθερα
Τεκνωθεντες· ὧν Ὄλυμπος
Πατηρ μονος, οὐδε νιν θναταα
Φυσις ἀνδρων ἔστικτεν οὐδε
Μὴν ποτε λαθα καταξιμασει.
Μεγας ἐν τουτοις Θεος,
Οὐδε γηρασκει. Soph. Od. Tyr.

Will not every reader agree with us in wishing for more extracts from the same writer? However, the selections from the pious Taylor are so numerous, and so well chosen, that we cheerfully pardon Mr. Montagu this oversight; occasioned, perhaps, by an enthusiastic admiration of this his favourite author: and that he is deservedly a favourite let the following specimens attest:

'It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth and the fair cheeks and the full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horrour, of a three days' burial; and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on

darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces.

'When the sentence of death is decreed, and begins to be put in execution, it is sorrow enough to see or feel respectively the sad accents of the agony and last contentions of the soul, and the reluctancies and unwillingnesses of the body; the forehead washed with a new and stranger baptism, besmeared with a cold sweat, tenacious and clammy, apt to make it cleave to the roof of his coffin: the nose cold and undiscerning, not pleased with perfumes, nor suffering violence with a cloud of unwholesome smoak; the eyes dim as a sullied mirrour, or the face of heaven when God shews his anger in a prodigious storm; the feet cold, the hands stiff; the physicians despairing, our friends weeping, the rooms dressed with darkness and sorrow; and the exteriour parts betraying what are the violences which the soul and spirit suffer.

'Then calamity is great, and sorrow rules in all the capacities of man; then the mourners weep, because it is civil, or because they need thee, or because they fear; but who suffers for thee with a compassion sharp as is thy pain? Then the noise is like the faint echo of a distant valley, and few hear, and they will not regard thee, who seemest like a person void of understanding, and of a departing interest.'

'Taylor's Holy Dying, chap. 1, 2.'

'The wife can be no ways happy unless she be governed by a prudent lord, whose commands are sober counsels, whose authority is paternal, whose orders are provisions, and whose sentences are charity.

'*Compliance.*] To partake secretly, and in her heart, of all his joys and sorrows, to believe him comely and fair, though the sun hath drawn a cypress over him, (for as marriages are not to be contracted by the hands and eyes, but with reason and the hearts, so are these judgments to be made by the mind, not by the sight:) and diamonds cannot make the woman virtuous, nor him to value her who sees her put them off then, when charity and modesty are her brighest ornaments. Indeed the outward ornament is fit to take fools; but they are not worth the taking. But she that hath a wise husband, must entice him to an eternal dearness, by the vail of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetnesses and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.

'*Conclusion.*] Remember the days of darkness, for they are many; the joys of the bridal chambers are quickly past, and the remaining portion of the state is a dull progress, without variety of joys, but not without the change of sorrows; but that portion that shall enter into the grave must be eternal. It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrhe into the festival goblet; and, after the Egyptian manner, serve up a dead man's bones at a feast. I will

only show it and take it away again; it will make the wine bitter, but wholesome.' P. 54.

The last quotation which we shall subjoin, is one which we earnestly recommend to the attention of those of our youthful readers, who live but for the indulgence of their passions —whose thoughtless hours are swallowed up in the giddy vortex of fashionable vice: let them read and tremble.

'For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

'At the day of judgment every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbours' shrieks; and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roul upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances, and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow: and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state but an entire kingdom of fear; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects: and that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women at the same instant shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabrick of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes.—

'There men shall meet the partners of their sins, and them that drank the round when they crowned their heads with folly and forgetfulness, and their cups with wine and noises. There shall ye see that poor perishing soul, whom thou didst tempt to adultery and wantonness, to drunkenness or perjury, to rebellion or an evil interest, by power or craft, by witty discourses or deep dissembling, by scandal or a snare, by evil example or pernicious counsel, by malice or unwariness.

'That soul that cries to those rocks to cover her, if it had not been for thy perpetual temptations, might have followed the lamb in a white robe; and that poor man, that is cloathed with shame and flames of fire, would have shin'd in glory, but that thou didst force him to be a partner of thy baseness.' PP. 235, 237.

ART. VIII.—*An Account of a Voyage to establish a Colony at Port Philip, in Bass's Strait, on the south Coast of New South Wales, in his Majesty's Ship Calcutta, in the Years* 1802-3-4. *By J. H. Tuckey, Esq. First Lieutenant of the Calcutta.* 8vo. 5*s. Boards.* Longman. 1805.

THE sailor's life affords, as our author justly observes in his preface, few moments of learned ease: but it affords to this country its wealth and its defence; and if learning may be better cultivated in certain situations on land, the want of it will not be esteemed a blemish in the sailor's character, in which we find other qualities no less the objects of our admiration and esteem. The public too will assuredly be indulgent towards his literary faults: 'it will not expect connected arrangement, logical deductions, nor a correct work, amidst the interruptions of active service, or the continual calls of subordinate duty.' It will gladly receive a voyage round the world, whose pages are marked by a superfluity rather than a paucity of nautical observations; and it is by no means inclined to treat with contempt 'the log-book publications of recent navigators.'

The perusal of not many pages relieved us from sympathising with the author on his deficiency in literary attainments; and the proofs are too manifest in his work, that he would feel extreme mortification if we treated him with the indulgence due to a sailor, and supposed that his hardy employment had secluded him from courting and enjoying the company of the muses. He seems throughout to labour under the greatest anxiety to remove every impression that we might form from his connection with the sea; and to imagine that his reader must necessarily feel a qualm at the mention of tar and of pitch. The work may be not unaptly compared to the cabin of a ship, fitted up like the boudoir of a Parisian fine lady: we are struck with surprise on entering it, but after a few moments would willingly exchange its tinsel ornaments for that strength and solidity which are to brave the fury of the tempest.

Every page is full of ornaments. Is the setting sun in a more southern latitude to be described?—

'The heavens are seen glowing with orange and purple, blended into the greatest variety of tints, and melting imperceptibly into the pure ether of light cerulean blue; in which, the first stars of evening shine with the most brilliant silvery lustre; but

"———Who can paint
Like Nature? Can Imagination boast,
Amidst its gay creation, hues like hers;

Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other?"

Is a shark, 'the *hereditary* foe of sailors,' in sight?—'*grains*, harpoons, and every missive weapon, are pointed at his devoted head, till the deluded victim is dragged on board;' and after various operations, 'the carcase is again committed to the watery element.' In the black eyes of the Brasilian ladies is 'the mere expression of animal vivacity, untempered by the soft chastening power of tender sensibility.' But in a convent 'the silvery tones of a secluded damsel' captivate the heart of a true-born Englishman. We are terribly afraid for our poor countrymen, whose destiny leads them to Rio Janeiro; for there

'the climate operates upon the fair sex more forcibly in proportion to their superior delicacy of organization, enervates the system, and induces a kind of restless indolence, to which is attached a boundless desire for variety, when it can be procured without much exertion: hence, while the mind is lulled into inactivity, and the eye of prudence sleeps, the bosom is 'tremblingly alive' to the soft sensations of love, and the bulwarks of female innocence lie exposed and defenceless to the attacks of the watchful seducer.' P. 71.

A storm will naturally excite very powerful feelings; but when the sailors land after a gale, then they may exclaim—

'Now we tread the verdant turf, and breathe the balmy atmosphere of odoriferous flowers: while, as we approach the town, parties of equestrian ladies attract our eyes, attended by their beaux; whose happiness we might envy, did not the call of honour, and the voice of patriotism, render us less vulnerable to the charms of beauty, or the blandishments of love.' P. 130.

In this flowery style the author carries us round the world. Every quarter of it excites matter for grave remark and sage philosophy. Prejudices of education, feudal governments, heraldic achievements, proportion between the sexes, propriety of polygamy, effect of slavery on the mind, and difference between the blacks and whites, give scope to his talents; while even Brookes's and Almack's are not forgotten, and his scholarship is proved not only by Latin quotations, but by remembrance of the luxuries of imperial Rome. We are in danger here of forgetting that we are accompanying a tar in his voyage round the world, and this a very extraordinary one; for it was performed in eleven months, from his departure from, to his arrival again at, Rio Janeiro.

The first object of the voyage was to convey some convicts to Bass's Straits, and there to establish a colony. The account of the expedition occupies two hundred and eleven pages: of which

a hundred and thirteen contain the account of the voyage to, and a description of, the Brasils; while little more than fifty pages give the detail of events from the time of the ship's arrival at Port Philip to its departure from Port Jackson, to pursue its voyage home by Cape Horn. The Brasils, indeed, afforded the pleasures of cultivated life: but they have been too often described for even the pen of this flowery writer to invest them with any additional charms; and the settlement of a new colony, and an accurate description of a new country, might have afforded matter much more interesting both to the author and the public.

The place fixed upon for the settlement proved to be unsuitable; and after a stay of about two months, the ship left the place, and the convicts to be re-embarked on board the Ocean, its colleague. From the description given of the country near the shore, the determination to quit it was to be commended; yet it is not improbable that hereafter, within a few miles of the spot, may be found fertile fields and well peopled cities. Six pages suffice for the voyage from Port Philip to Rio Janeiro: during which the wind was, for the most part, between N. W. and S. W.; and the ship made, upon an average, a hundred and eighty miles a day for twenty-nine days.

As a specimen of the author's style, and a complete refutation of the sentiment which he has advanced, that

'We may as well affirm, that education would give to the cart horse the spirit of a courser, or to the cur the sagacity of the hound, as that it would give to the negro the talents and ambition of the European,' (P. 97.)

the following narrative is subjoined:

'Senor D. was a wealthy planter in the district of the mines, and among his numerous slaves was one named Hanno, who had been born on the estate, and whose ingenuity had increased his value much beyond that of his fellows. Scarce had Hanno arrived at that age when every zephyr seems the sigh of love, ere his fondest wishes centered on Zelida, a young female of his own age, and a slave to the same master; in her his partial eye perceived all that was beautiful in person, or amiable in mind; the passion was mutual, it had "grown with their growth, and strengthen'd with their strength;" but Hanno, though a slave, possessed the feelings of a man, and his generous soul revolted at the idea of entailing that slavery upon his children, which was the only birth-right he inherited from his fathers. His mind was energetic, and his resolutions immutable: while he fulfilled his daily task, and was distinguished for his diligence and fidelity, he was enabled, by extra labour and the utmost frugality, to lay by something, without defrauding his master of his time; and at the end of seven

years, his savings amounted to the estimated value of a female slave. Time had not altered his passion for Zelida, and they were united by the simple and unartificial bonds of mutual love. The absence of Senor D. for two years prevented the accomplishment of Hanno's first wishes, the purchase of Zelida's freedom; and in that time she had presented him with a boy and a girl. Though slaves from their birth, Hanno was not chagrined, for he had now added to his hoard a sufficient sum to purchase their liberty likewise. On the return of Senor D. Hanno anxiously demanded a compliance with the law, but well aware of his master's sordid avarice, cautiously affirmed, that a kind friend was to advance him the money. Senor D. agreed to receive the price, and a day was fixed to execute the deeds before a magistrate. On that day Hanno fled upon the wings of hope to his master's house, while it may be supposed the most heartfelt joy animated his bosom, on the prospect of giving immediate liberty to those his soul doated on. He tendered the gold—it was seized as the stolen property of Senor D.; and Hanno being unable to bring forward the supposed lender, was condemned, and the cruelty of his master was exhausted in superintending his punishment. Still bleeding from the scourge, he returned to his hut, which, though the residence of slavery, had till now been cheered by the benign influence of love and hope. He found his wife suckling her infant daughter, while his son, yet unable to walk, was amusing her with his playful gambols upon the bare earth. Without answering Zelida's anxious enquiries, he thus addressed her: "To procure your liberty, more dear to me than my own, I have, since the moment of our acquaintance, deprived myself of every comfort my state of bondage allows; for that purpose I have laboured during those permitted hours of relaxation, which my fellows have employed in amusements; I have curtailed my scanty meal of cassada, I have sold my morsel of tobacco*, and I have gone naked amidst the burning heats of summer, and the pinching colds of winter†. I had accomplished the object of all my cares, and all my deprivations, and this morning I tendered to your owner the price of your liberty, and that of your children; but when the deed was to be ratified before the magistrate, he seized it as his own, and accusing me of robbery, inflicted the punishment of a crime my soul detests. My efforts to procure your liberty are abortive; the fruits of my industry, like the labours of the silk-worm, are gone to feed the luxury of our tyrant; the blossoms of hope are for ever blighted, and the wretched Hanno's cup of misery is full. Yet, a way, a sure but dreadful way remains, to free you, my wife, from the scourge of tyranny, or the violation of lust; and to rescue you, my children, from the hands of an unfeeling monster, and from a life of unceasing wretchedness." Then seizing a

'* Tobacco is esteemed the greatest luxury next to rum by the negroes.'

'† The province of Brasil rises from the sea till it reaches the summits of the Cordilleras, and the cold necessarily increases in proportion to the ascent. The district of the mines produces European fruits, and is subject to frost.'

knife, he plunged it into the bosom of his wife; and while reeking with her blood, buried it in the hearts of his children. When seized and interrogated, he answered with a manly tone of firmness, "I killed my wife and children to shorten a miserable existence in bondage, but I spared my own life to shew my brutal tyrant how easy it is to escape from his power, and how little the soul of a negro fears death or torment. I expect to suffer the utmost tortures that your cruelty can devise, but pain I despise thus, (staking his arm on an iron spike, and tearing it through the flesh,) and death I desire, that I may rejoin my wife and children, who have, ere this, a habitation prepared for me in the land of our forefathers, where no cruel white man is permitted to enter." Even the proud apathy of the Portuguese was roused by this appeal to their feelings; the slave was pardoned and granted his freedom; Senor D. severely fined; and the unworthy magistrate, who seconded his villany, degraded from his office. I trust this digression will plead its own excuse, and shall conclude it with the hope, that the time is not far distant,

> 'Till the freed Indians, in their native groves,
> Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves.'

P. 99.

From this specimen our readers might conclude that the work is calculated merely to amuse, and that the circumnavigator would derive from it very little instruction. But this is by no means the case: throughout are interspersed very valuable remarks on objects peculiar to navigation, and the proper care of a ship and its crew. We cannot omit one, from its very great importance to the public. There were two time-keepers on board by Mudge, No. 8. and No. 12., whose rate from England to Tristan d'Acunha did not vary, but in the run thence to the Cape there was a loss of two minutes. No. 8. stopped soon after, and on the next day resumed its course; but again it stopped near Port Jackson. No. 12. was found to have lost five minutes in the course from Port Jackson to Rio. We are not to decide on the merits of time-keepers from the above circumstances, for we know not to what accidents they may have been exposed on shipboard; but we could have wished; that the writer had stated the variation of No. 12. on his arrival in England, and ascertained the rate of its going at the beginning and end of the voyage.

We cannot lay down this entertaining volume, without due commendation of the author for the regard he has manifested for the public. In this book-making age, many would have swelled out his pages to the size of a quarto, and, by one or two unnecessary charts, made at least a guinea volume: a voyage round the world in a thin octavo of two hundred and fifty pages, will, we hope, shame the publishers of shorter voyages into some degree of moderation: and we may assure

the author, that, though we are sensible of his wish to please us landsmen, by the attention he has paid to his style, yet that pleasure will be increased when he appears again in his own manly garb, and with those rougher and plainer accents that do not ill become the hardy sailor.

ART. IX.—*The Satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis, translated into English Verse by the Rev. W. Heath Marsh, A. M.* 8vo. 7*s. Boards.* Westley. 1804.

THE public having been of late surfeited to sickness with translations of Juvenal, a person of the name of Marsh has thought proper to administer a gentle emetic to the patient, in the shape of a new translation of his own. He accounts for this extraordinary proceeding in his preface as follows. It is addressed to his *quondam* tutor.

'That attachment to the muse which I imbibed from an education at Palgrave school, and an early perusal of Mrs. Barbauld's exquisite productions, first displayed itself in many a feeble effort, when I was placed under your care; and those tender blossoms of poetry, which the severity of criticism would have dissipated, or even neglect occasioned to wither and decay, were brought forward to maturity by the cheering smiles of your approbation. You encouraged my trembling muse to flutter on her unfledged pinion; till after having made repeated trials of her strength in various short excursions, both of original composition, and translations from Horace, she at length terminated her career' (ominous expressions!) 'under your roof, by an imitation of one of the most finished Satires of Juvenal.' P. v.

It is well for the fame of Johnson, that this imitation 'perished in the general wreck of Mr. Marsh's juvenile effusions.' How provokingly careless men of genius are of their works! 'The relish, however, thus acquired, for the beauties of the Roman satirist, still remained; and on a late perusal of the version which bears the name of Dryden'——Here we were hurried away to a comparison of this author's translation with Dryden's; hoping to find, what we yet have never seen, his defects remedied: but, alas! we returned with disappointment to the preface, which continued to expound *how* Mr. Marsh 'was tempted to proceed from one Satire to another' (we confess we had no temptation to proceed with him: nothing but a sense of our duty induced us to toil through his translation); *how* he had no intention of ruining the reputation of Mr. Gifford; *how* he 'did not pretend *to throw any light upon the text*, by note or illustration;' and *how* he had omitted the in-

decent passages;—for which we highly applaud him; as well as for not having stained his page with *many* phrases extracted from that Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue which so copiously adorned the translations of his predecessors.

But here our praise must rest. After an attentive perusal of this translation, we were offended (as we shall endeavour to shew cause), First, with an unpleasing vein of mediocrity that pervades Mr. Marsh's poetry, and a feebleness of satirical indignation very irreconcilable with the glowing rage of Juvenal. For instance:

> 'Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum
> Qualemcunque potest; quales ego, vel Cluvienus.'
> Sat. 1. v. 73.

> 'Indignant wrath shall nature's wants supply,
> And rouse to action such a bard as *I*.'
> Marsh's Translation.

We fear Mr. Marsh had not learnt his grammar at Palgrave school. We also sincerely wish we could select any passage to heighten the impression of flatness the above must have made upon our readers. But Mr. Marsh seems to have mistaken the spirit of Juvenal for that of Jeremiah. He is full of lamentations. 'Et quando uberior vitiorum copia?' bursts forth the satirist (Sat. 1. v. 87);

> 'Ah! when did vice,' &c.

querulously asks Mr. Marsh. Juvenal never laments over the vices of his degenerate countrymen. He sets the scorpions of their consciences at work within them.

We have secondly to observe, that as fidelity is the chief duty of a translator, he should omit nothing of his original which decency does not proscribe. For the sake of conciseness Mr. Marsh mutilates his author. He sometimes omits entire lines; such also as contain allusions to Roman customs.

> 'Tecum prius ergo voluta
> Hæc animo ante tubas; galeatum serò duelli
> Pœnitet,' Sat. 1. v. 168.

is slurred over by

> 'Mark this; beware!
> The muse invok'd, too slowly follows care.'
> Marsh's Translation.

Had not his tutor taught Mr. Marsh that the idioms of the Latin and English languages were widely different; and that to sacrifice sense and spirit to brevity, was, in short, to be neither spirited nor sensible? Upon other occasions Mr. Marsh in-

serts a little something of his own; such as his reason why his '*tow'ring muse*

'Exposes secret vice, appals the bold:'
Sat. 1.

and again where he talks of the '*lyre*' of Lucilius, and the '*lyre*' of Horace; Juvenal manifestly alluding only to the *Satires*, in the 'Venusinâ tabellâ.'

Proper names, especially those of note, should rarely, if ever, be excluded from a translation.

'Frontonis platani, convulsaque marmora clamant,'
Sat. 1. v. 12.

is unfaithfully, though more poetically than usual, rendered by

'The statues tremble, and the groves resound.'

At Fronto's house all the above-mentioned old tales were repeated in foolish plays, elegies, &c. It should therefore have been named.

Although in this, as in many other of his faults (we wish we could say in any one of his excellences), the present translator bears an unwilling resemblance to Dryden, whose example he professes not to follow, the mere general mention of places wants the interest which the particular notice of any famous spot conveys.

'Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris,' &c.
Sat. 1. v. 73.

is rendered by

'Dare boldly then'—

'Sacro nec cedat honori
Nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis.' Ibid.

'Nor let *once-whiten'd* feet incur disgrace.'

This awkward compound epithet is ungramatical and void of meaning.—Mr. Marsh's delicacy has translated 'meiere' *to spit*. What is gained by this substitution?

'De tot pulchris et latis orbibus,' &c.
Ibid.

'Views each antique orb with curious eyes.'

Is 'orb' a synonime for a round dish or table? And would Juvenal represent a glutton as merely *looking at* the dishes when his dinner was before him?

The second and third Satires proceed in the same nerveless

strain, and similar faults are discoverable in them; they do not redeem themselves from contempt by any merit but their delicacy in following the 'expurgata editio' of Juvenal, and their correctness in speaking classical English. But we really cannot with an affected candour extract a stupid passage, and say 'this is better than the rest.' All here is equally dull and uninteresting; uniformly tame, and unlike the original. Yet to justify our severity, we must affix particular marks of disgrace, where we would only in general terms condemn. It is a duty incumbent upon us to add our endeavours to those of all well-wishers to literature, to stop the inundation of milk-and-water nonsense that deluges the public.

First, then, we observe this striking error in Mr. Marsh's notions of harmonious cadence: he perpetually runs one line into another, and then stops short. As for instance—

'The beauty of a friend
Deform'd'.————Sat. 3.

'————————No more appears
The prætor.'————Ibid.

We must retract too on some occasions our praise of Mr. Marsh's purity of style.

'Whence comest thou, sir? who puff'd thee up with pease?
Where didst thou sup on onions, bread, and cheese?'
Ibid.

There is nothing in the taunts of the original to demand this ridiculous vulgarity.

The noble passage in the second satire, beginning—

'Esse aliquos manes et subterranea regna,'

down to

'Si foret humida laurus,'

Mr. Marsh has thus *translated*. It is, we assure our readers, a very fair specimen of his versification.

'Th' eternal scheme, the sure decree of fate,
That future judgments present crimes await;
That when this life's poor fev'rish dream is o'er,
Th' immortal spirit seeks some distant shore;
Of no great moment are these truths conceiv'd,
Themes e'en by schoolboys scarcely now believ'd.
Yet doubt not thou! what must each inspir'd shade
Of those, who most to virtue homage paid—
Curius, the Scipios both, so dear to fame,
Fabricius, and Camillus' honour'd name;
What must that host of patriot heroes slain,
Who dy'd with crimson Cannæ's fatal plain,

'Think of your baseness? *what must they suppose,*
When some pale ghost disturbs their sweet repose?
Th' exalted sire will scorn the fallen son,
Shrink from th' embrace, and loath'd contagion shun.'
Marsh's Translation.

Nor is this, as we shall proceed to prove, the only instance in which this travesty, parody, or burlesque, or whatever new name Mr. Marsh chooses in his better judgment to give the thing he has misnamed 'a translation of Juvenal,' totally obscures and chills the luminous and glowing lines of the original.

In the third Satire, where Juvenal says the robbers of Campania resorted to Rome when their native marshes were occupied by soldiers;

'Armato quoties tutæ custode tenentur
Et Pomptina palus, et Gallinaria pinus,
Sic inde huc omnes tanquam ad vivaria currunt;'

Mr. Marsh informs us—

'Their *wonted haunts* no more protection give,
At Rome alone *such monsters hope to live.*'

Is not this general expression 'wonted haunts' as unfaithful, in this passage, in a translator, as the concluding 'hope to live' is miserably unpoetical?

In the fourth Satire, where the character of Pegasus, steward rather than præfect of the city, (yet the best in those bad times,) is drawn, he is called

'————Optimus atque
Interpres legum sanctissimus, omnia quanquam
Temporibus diris tractanda putabat inermi
Justitiâ.'

These lines are intermixed with some that follow in the character of Crispus, and confound Pegasus with him, in the magical translation of Mr. Marsh.

'Ille igitur—(*i. e. Crispus*)—nunquam direxit brachia contra
Torrentem:'

Our author garbles the sense of both passages as follows:

'Yet of this servile train, howe'er exprest,
His sense was shrewdest, and his judgment best;
But still he lov'd to follow with the stream,
And non-resistance was his fav'rite theme.
The *lively* vet'ran Crispus next,' &c. &c.

How little did Mr. Marsh conceive the quiet beauty of the following lines, whose very flow describes the mild and gentle character of Crispus!

'Venit et Crispi jucunda senectus,
Cujus erant mores qualis facundia, mite
Ingenium;'

like that of Thales, but prostituted to the purposes of adulation.

We select a short passage (we again regret we cannot find a longer), to except in some degree from our general censure, in the fifth Satire.

'Scilicet hoc fuerat,' &c. &c.—

'Did I quit for these
My slumb'ring wife, and, careless of my ease,
Shiv'ring across the mountains take my way,
For such vile refuse *my respects to pay*,
When vernal Jove in gloomy horror lower'd,
And the black clouds their copious torrents pour'd?'

The following description too is not unpleasing.

'When furious Auster first forgets to rave,
And smooths his pinions in th' Æolian cave,
The desp'rate crew, while treach'rous whirlwinds sleep,
Fearless launch forth, and brave the middle deep:'

but Charybdis is omitted with peculiar impropriety, as the fish was caught on the coast of Sicily.

The sixth Satire is introduced by a complimentary argument to the ladies of Great Britain. We transcribe the opening lines as a specimen of our author's powers of description (of satire, as we have shown, he has none), which the subject gave him some opportunity of displaying.

'When Saturn rul'd as universal lord,
I can believe was Chastity ador'd;
When rude-built huts receiv'd, *without parade*,
Gods, men, and herds, beneath one common shade;
While rustic housewives, on bleak mountains bred,
With leaves and skin adorn'd the nuptial bed;
O how unlike to Cynthia, *prais'd of late*,
Or Lesbia weeping at her sparrow's fate!'

But where is the beautiful comparison between the rude matrons of ancient Rome, and those refined ladies, the Cynthia and the Lesbia,

'Cujus
Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos?'

Mr. Marsh had not taste enough to discover the softness and

delicacy of this happy line, or to contrast it with the studied roughness of those that follow.—We present our readers with a few choice *morceaux.*

'Some on comedians exhaust their store;
Others Seleucus will allow no more
To sing; some love tragedians; *how then*
Succeed Quinctilian and all learned men?'
Sat. 6.

'But of all losses, *this I must declare,*
The loss of honour least affects the fair.'

Then, with an inequality of improvement, which, recurring often, almost makes us suspect this translation owes more than it acknowledges to Palgrave school,

'The Tyrrhene waves, th' Ionian billows roar,
Heedless of change, with dauntless heart she bore.'
Sat. 6.

In the description of the life of the women of ancient Rome, these lines are not amiss. (Sat. 6.)

'Short was their rest, their days were spent in peace,
In useful labours with the Tuscan fleece;
When Hannibal approach'd in hostile state,
And their brave husbands watch'd the Colline gate.'

But in the succeeding accurate enumeration of the sources of modern corruption, Sybaris, Rhodes, Miletus, and Tarentum, distinguished by three strongly expressive epithets in the original, are excluded from the faint and general picture of degraded Rome exhibited by Mr. Marsh.

'Wealth and manners, brought from foreign climes,
Corrupted truth, and delug'd us with crimes.' Sat. 6.

We looked in vain into the *errata* for a correction of the following (in sound at least) hypercatalectic line:

'A simple solecism pray let me make,
A woman ne'er is guilty of mistake.' Sat. 6.

Where was Mr. Marsh's delicacy when he wrote—

'A filthy poultice half conceals her face,
A mass of ointment must her spouse embrace.' Sat. 6.

The dreadful description of the impurities practised at the celebration of the rites of Cybele, by the Roman women, Mr. Marsh with equal judgment and regard to decency totally excludes. Other translators have attempted to palliate its grossness, we think to no useful purpose. But why has Mr. Marsh left out the following lines, in which Juvenal com-

pares the ancient piety with the modern irreligion of his countrymen?

'Et quis tunc hominum contemtor numinis? aut quis
Sympuvium ridere Numæ, nigrumque catinum,
Et Vaticano fragiles de monte patellas
Ausus erat?'

But of the numerous faults with which this translation abounds, there is none so frequent as its absurd conciseness.

'— Quosdam facit isse Niphatem
In populos, magnoque illic cuncta arva teneri
Diluvio' Sat. 6.

is comprised in one word—'deluges.' Indeed there is one advantage in this method, but *that one* we think Mr. Marsh the least likely to have consulted: the ease of the reader; who, by this brevity, gets sooner to the end of his oppressive task.—He seems, however, occasionally determined to give us enough of himself. Talking of a woman who imitated Poppæa in the use of ointments made from ass's milk, he inserts gratuitously

'For these are animals that win her soul!'

the rhyme explains the reason of this insertion:

'With these she'll travel to the Arctic pole.'

Again he returns to his favourite comprehensiveness of expression.

'Periit libraria; ponunt
Cosmetæ tunicas; tardè venisse Liburnus
Dicitur;' Sat. 6.

is thus *explained:*

'—— The servants weep;
The household suffers; *nothing now goes right.*'
Marsh's Translation.

'—— Ædem
Isidis, antiquo quæ proxima surgit ovili.' Sat. 6.

This allusion to the old palace of Romulus, disgraced by the nearness of the temple of Isis, our author entirely omits.

But as we conceive ourselves to have sufficiently proved our assertion, that Mr. Marsh has omitted much of his original, explanatory of the customs and manners of the Romans, and much historical and geographical matter, we shall content ourselves with cursorily noticing the more flagrant instances of these omissions in the Satires that succeed the sixth, after we have concluded our proofs from that Satire.

'Inde fides artis,' &c. ——Sat. 6. v. 559.

Seriphus, so notorious as a place of banishment for Roman criminals, passes unregarded. Procne and Medea are 'old tales.' The Boletus Agrippinæ

'*Pack'd* decrepid Claudius off to heav'n.'

The antidote of Mithridates is not noticed. We must give Mr. Marsh the credit due to him, in remarking his acceptation of the right reading of

'Quæ *nullis* longum ostendit cervicibus aurum.' Sat. 6. v. 587.

In the seventh Satire, the rape of Medea by Jason, her poisoning Creusa, his ingratitude, and the magical cauldron to restore the sight of Pelias,—this whole story in short, so common a subject for the declamations of the Roman rhetoricians,—is jumbled together in the confusion of the following couplet:

'Rapes, poison, envy, madness, leave behind,
And drugs prepar'd to cure the aged blind.' Sat. 7.

We must in justice say, there are very few vicious rhymes in this translation; and not many such verses as—

'At Fortune's will pedants usurp the throne;' Sat. 7.

Or,

'And thou too, Athens, nothing else *supplied*,
But the cold draught which check'd life's purple tide:' Sat. 7.

where, of the three characters mentioned in the original, Socrates only is alluded to in the translation.

We turn with pleasure to the less invidious duty of commendation.

'Light lie the turf on our forefathers' breast,
Sweet be their slumber, tranquil be their rest;
Around their grave may breathing crocus bloom,
And Spring's perpetual blossoms deck their tomb;
Who as themselves their children would direct
To honour tutors with profound respect.' Sat. 7.

The second line in the above passage is tautologous, and the last two are below criticism; but the three others are easy, natural, and melodious.

Mr. Marsh, according to custom, neglects to preserve the strong ridicule of a poor tutor's being asked learned questions when he is going to the bath, or engaged in the commonest affairs of life.

In the eighth Satire, the advice to the young nobleman to place the images of Paullus, Cossus, and Drusus, before those

of his own family; to carry them, when consul, even before the fasces of his lictors; is thus deprived of all effect:

'Let Cossus, Drusus, or Æmilius, be
The honour'd models most preferr'd by thee.' Sat. 8.

'Raræ sine Mentore mensæ.'

'Carv'd by Mentor's skill the finish'd sideboard shone.' Ib.

Mentor did not make *sideboards:* he was a famous embosser of cups and vessels, as Propertius and Martial witness.

'Maturus bello Armeniæ,' &c. Sat. 8. v. 169.

is rendered with some spirit,

'When now of age, Rome's conqu'ring arms to wield,
To chase th' Armenian from the tented field,
To guard with dauntless zeal the river's course,
And check the Gaul's and German's rebel force.'

'Æqua ibi libertas,' &c. Ibid.

'There freedom reigns, round goes the common cup,
All ranks are level'd, at one board they sup.'

'Consumptis opibus vocem, Damasippe, locâsti
Sipario,' &c. Ibid.

'When Damasippus, all his treasure spent,
To let his tongue for hire is well content,
Struts forth the short-liv'd hero of the age,
And mouths the barb'rous fustian of the stage;
While Lentulus so well his part sustains,
I wish he really suffer'd what he feigns.'

But why is not the disgraceful part which was acted by the noble Lentulus, of a slave supposed to be crucified on the stage, related by Mr. Marsh?

The dress of the *retiarius*, a little farther on, is ill described, and in unappropriate terms:

'Credamus tunicæ, de faucibus aurea cum se
Porrigat, et multo jactetur spira galero.' Sat. 8. v. 207.

'His golden ornaments and scanty dress,
Alike his quality and trade confess.'

Indeed Mr. Marsh tells us nothing of Roman customs, dress, characters, or manners. Madan was easy of access, and he has rendered every translator of Juvenal inexcusable, who does not take the pains to understand the full meaning of his original.

'Tunicâ punire molestâ,' Sat. 8. v. 235.

is taken no notice of. In the first Satire we had 'orb' as a

synonime for 'a dish.' In the ninth it stands for 'an eye;' in, the thirteenth for 'the world.'

The beautiful passage of—

> 'Festinat enim decurrere velox
> Flosculus angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
> Portio; dum bibimus, dum serta, unguenta, puellas
> Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus'

is thus rendered; we think, not unfeelingly:

> 'For youth, of wretched life the transient spring,
> Just faintly blooms, and flits on silent wing;
> While nymphs and banquets all our thoughts engage,
> Creeps unsuspected on the withering frost of age;' Sat. 9.

although we must confess 'a *needless* Alexandrine ends the song.'

> 'My modest mansion let the sculptor grace,
> And painting's art preserve each dear lov'd face:' Ibid.

does not express the meaning of Juvenal; which is, to make Nævolus utter absurd wishes, such as—

> 'Sit mihi præterea curvus cœlator, et alter
> Qui multas facies fingit citò.'

He cares not whose the faces are, or whether they are well or ill executed, so as there are a great number done in a short time.

In the eleventh Satire there are the following faults, and pardonable lines. After the verse alluding to the deaths of Hercules and Æneas,

> 'Alter aquis, alter flammis, ad sidera missus;' Sat. 11. v. 63.

> 'Translated both to heav'n by flood and fire;'

is this unaccountable interpolation:

> 'And this his mother claim'd, and that his sire.'

Were there ever worse verses written than the following?

> 'Then would the Fabii, Scauri, the severe
> Cato, and the Fabricii too, appear;
> Stern guards of temperance.' Sat. 11.

Ohe! jam satis est.

> 'Patoris duri est hic filius,' &c. Sat. 11. v. 151.

is not quite so badly rendered as the above:

> 'This is my shepherd's, that my neatherd's boy:
> Poor youth! a stranger to his heart is joy;

He mourns his absent mother, and the shed
Where he was rear'd, and playful kids that fed
Delighted from his hand,' &c. &c.

From the twelfth Satire we extract the following description of the storm:

'Now furious whirlwinds vex'd old ocean's bed,
Peal roll'd on peal, dark gath'ring clouds o'erspread
The canopy of heav'n; the forked flame
Charg'd with destruction in full fury came
Athwart the main-yards, through the tackling broke;
The astonish'd crew, involv'd in fire and smoke,
Felt the rude shock, *judg'd all exertion vain*,
And hardly heeded now the terrors of the main.
Such a sad scene the firmest soul affrights,
Whene'er the poet on this subject writes.'

Never was a truer specimen of the bathos given by any author than the last line of this passage.

Mr. Marsh's account of the elephants is most curious:

'—— once serv'd their sires
Us, Pyrrhus, Hannibal, and what requires
Implicit confidence,' &c. &c. Sat. 12.

Has Mr. Marsh the assurance to call this *verse?*—But our patience begins to be exhausted. We think we may lay claim to considerable merit for having waded thus deeply into the publication before us, and must beg leave to defer noticing the remainder of it to some future period.

(To be continued.)

ART. X.—*Characteristic Anecdotes from the History of Russia, with Notes Chronological, Biographical, and Explanatory, forming a useful Manual of Russian History. Translated from the French of the Counsellor of State, Clausen. By B. Lambert.* 8*vo.* 5*s.* Ostell. 1805.

THE laudable motive of rescuing his countrymen from that stigma of barbarism which has been so long affixed to the Russian name, induced the author to present these anecdotes, in number one hundred and fifty-five, to the public.

M. Clausen has commenced his selections from the period of the surrender of the sovereign power to Rurick and his brothers, about the middle of the ninth century, and continued them to the time of the present emperor. The facts related are said to be authentic; and we have no reason to doubt the assertion: if so, Russia may vie with the greatest heroes of ancient history in intrepidity, generosity, and patriotism. In an age when

the greatest part of Europe was buried in ignorance, we find the untutored Russian achieving acts of which the most enlightened nations might be proud, displaying virtues of which the most refined cannot boast.

This extensive kingdom, which equals if not exceeds the limits of the greatest empires of antiquity, was scarcely known to the more civilized parts of Europe, before the time of Peter the Great: yet so early as in the eleventh century they had connection with this country; for we are informed that Wladimir, the eldest son of Jaroslaf, and prince of Novogorod, was married to the daughter of the valiant and unfortunate Harold, son of Godwin earl of Kent, and the last of our Saxon kings:—but from this time till the reign of Elizabeth, when a commercial treaty was established between the two countries, the Russians had very little intercourse with England; nor does their name even appear in any political concern of consequence before the eighteenth century.

That the history of Russia should be so little studied in this country, we can ascribe to no other cause than the extreme harshness of their language: the great difficulty of retaining in the memory the uncouth names of their princes, generals, towns, cities, &c. seems to us a considerable impediment to the successful cultivation of it; the reader, disgusted with the cacophonous terminations, and confusing one person with another, throws aside the book, with an impression that the language is indicative of the manners of the people described. If any thing can contribute to the removal of so illiberal a prepossession, the anecdotes before us, containing a series of great and glorious actions, may perhaps stimulate our countrymen to peruse with attention the history of a power with which they are now so closely allied. We hope we shall gratify our readers by presenting them with the following extracts, the first of which we give from the great resemblance it bears to a passage in the sacred scriptures.

'During his reign, Wladimir* had many wars to sustain, particularly against the Petchenegians. In one of the incursions of these people, the two armies were on the eve of a battle, being only separated by the waters of Troubeje, when their prince advanced and proposed to terminate the difference by single combat between two champions: the people whose combatant should be overcome, not to take up arms against the other nation for three years.

'The Russian sovereign accepted the proposal, and they recipro-

'* Wladimir, surnamed the Great, had received the sovereignty of Novogorod from his father, but in the year 980 he obtained the whole succession, to which he added considerable conquests; he reigned until the year 1015.'

cally engaged to produce their champions. Among the troops of the Petchenegians was a man of an athletic make and colossal stature, who, vain of his strength, paced the bank of the river, loading the Russians with every species of insult, and provoking them by threatening gestures to enter the lists with him, at the same time ridiculing their timidity. This imposing air was successful. The soldiers of Wladimir long submitted to these insults; no one offered themselves to the encounter, the gigantic figure of their adversary terrifying the whole of them. The day of combat being arrived, they were constrained to supplicate for longer time.

'At length an old man approached Wladimir: "My lord," said he, "I have five sons, four of whom are in the army; as valiant as they are, none of them is equal to the fifth, who possesses prodigious strength." The young man was immediately sent for. Being brought before the prince, he asked permission to make a public trial of his strength. A vigorous bull was irritated with red hot irons: the young Russian stopped the furious animal in his course, threw him to the ground, and tore his skin and flesh. This proof inspired the greatest confidence. The hour of battle arrives; the two champions advance between the camps, and the Petchenegian could not restrain a contemptuous smile when he observed the apparent weakness of his adversary, who was yet without a beard: but being quickly attacked with as much impetuosity as vigour, seized, crushed between the arms of the young Russian, he is stretched expiring on the dust.

'The Petchenegians, seized with terror, took to flight; the Russians pursued, and completely overthrew them.

'The sovereign loaded the conqueror, who was only a simple currier, with honours and distinctions. He was raised, as well as his father, to the rank of the grandees, and to preserve the remembrance of this action, the prince founded the city of Pereiaslavle* on the field of battle, which still holds a distinguished rank among those of the government of Kiof.' P. 12.

The answer of Iwan to the ambassador of pope Gregory XIII., whose object was the acknowledgment of the supremacy of the holy see, is dignified, and worthy a great king: 'I am Iwan, Tzar of Russia, and sovereign of several kingdoms: I cannot conceive how one man can expect to possess the right of dictating laws to monarchs, and of governing their states.' But we think M. Clausen, or his translator, can hardly have

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'* The name of this young Russian was Iwan Usmowitsch. It is related that Wladimir made him change it to that of Pereiaslavle, which signifies *to obtain the victory*. The remote period of time prevents the verification of this fact, which would prove that the late empress only re-established an ancient custom in conferring on her victorious generals the surnames of Orlof-Tchesmensky; Potemkin-Tawritschesky; Suwarof-Rimniksky, instead of having borrowed it, as has been asserted, from the Greeks and Romans, who bestowed the same distinctions: this, however, takes nothing from its merit and utility, its object being to preserve the remembrance of glorious actions, and, at the same time, to inspire emulation.'

done *literary* justice to the expressions of the indignant monarch.

The greater part of the anecdotes respecting Peter the Great are to be met with in Voltaire's Life of Charles XII.: the following, as it shows the strictness of his military discipline, and the manner in which it was rewarded, will perhaps not prove unacceptable.

'The empress Catherine being in labour, the Tzar went to the fortress to perform his devotions, but, being midnight, he found the gate shut. The sentinel cried out, "Who is there?" "The Emperor!" "That is impossible, no one can know him at present, and we have strict orders not to allow any person whatsoever to come in." Peter did not at first recollect that this order had been given; he was not, however, displeased with the refusal of this brave soldier, and secretly congratulated himself that discipline was so well attended to. "My friend," said he to the sentinel, "it is true that the prohibition does exist, but, as sovereign, I can revoke it." "You endeavour to persuade me in vain, you shall not enter." The monarch was delighted with this perseverance, and asked, "Who gave you this order?" "My corporal." "Call him." He came; the prince, without saying who he was, ordered him to open the gate. "That is impossible; no one can enter, not even the emperor." "Who gave that order?" "My officer." "Let him be fetched, the emperor wants to speak with him." The officer of the guard appeared, and Peter desired him also to open the gate. He ordered the sentinel to hold a lanthorn to the face of the unknown, and being convinced of the presence of his master, he suffered him to pass. The Tzar, without speaking, went forward and said his prayers. On his return from the church he entered the guard-house and announced to the soldier, the corporal, and the officer, whose denial he had received, that he promoted each of them to a higher rank. "Continue, my friends," said he, on quitting them, "to observe the same strictness of discipline, and be assured you will always find me ready to recompense it." P. 122.

The 70th, 80th, 122nd, 138th, and 150th anecdotes, have an equal claim to attention.

This little work may be considered as an epitome of Russian history; but we cannot conclude this article, without strongly reprobating the slovenly manner in which it has been translated. The continual recurrence of 'it is *him*,' 'it was *him*,' and the relative in the nominative case when it ought to be in the objective, and words such as 'Thaumaturge,' &c. sufficiently demonstrate the translator to be either unacquainted with the grammatical construction of the English language, or a foreigner: we therefore advise him to entrust the correction of his future publications to the care of any friend, whom he may *know* to be competent to so *arduous* an undertaking.

ART. XI. *The Correspondence of the late John Wilkes, &c. &c. Edited by John Almon.* 5 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 1*l.* 15*s. Boards.* Phillips. 1805.

Letters from the Year 1774 *to the Year* 1796, *of John Wilkes, Esq.* 4 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards. Longman *and* Co. 1805.

NINE volumes of the life and correspondence of the late John Wilkes! There was once indeed a time when the name of Wilkes carried with it a charm powerful enough to give sale and sanction to the most trifling extracts, or the most bulky compilation: when it could inflame curiosity, and enchain attention; add poignancy to dulness; give weight to nonsense; and render palatable to the public taste, sedition, bawdry, and blasphemy itself. But the time is past: the spell is broken. Long before his own race was run, John Wilkes was in at the death of his popularity. In fact there was nothing in his situation of life; nothing in his character (save only the hardihood of his profligacy); and if we may judge from these his letters, and other literary efforts, there was nothing in his abilities; of consequence enough to attract any extraordinary attention, had he not, prompted by necessity and impudence, contrived to make himself the principal performer in 'the tragi-comedy acted by his majesty's servants, at the desire of several persons of quality, for the benefit of Mr. Wilkes, and at the expence of the constitution.'* It was only whilst he was the object of ministerial persecution, that he excited interest amongst his countrymen. Then, indeed, the friends of the constitution saw in him the undaunted asserter of their most important rights, and watched his fate with indignation and pity, while it was yet doubtful whether he would become the victim of illegal oppression, or the triumphant champion of liberty and the laws; the turbulent and factious looked up to him as their very torch and firebrand; even the partisans of the then ministry were malignantly attentive to all that could illustrate the character and actions of a man who had been able to defy their utmost power, and to rise superior from their reiterated attempts to crush him. In short, while 'the rays of royal indignation collected upon him, served only to illumine, and could not consume,'† so long he was 'the notified John Wilkes;' but when the battle was over, and the articles of peace were signed,—when the names of patriot and outlaw were exchanged for those of lord-mayor and chamberlain of the city,—then was accomplished the prediction of Junius, 'he will soon fall back into his natural situation, a silent senator, and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of

* Burke. † Junius.

a newspaper. The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface, neglected and unremoved. It is only the tempest that lifts him from his place.'

When government had once cried, 'Come! I'll be friends with thee, Jack;' the voice of that prostitute, the public, added, 'Whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.'* But though Mr. Wilkes, no longer persecuted, was no longer an object of attention to his cotemporaries, yet from the commotions he excited during his popularity, his name has become so intimately connected with a very interesting period of our history, and is branded with infamy or stamped with honour in the writings of so many distinguished writers†, that it undoubtedly deserves a place in the records of British biography, proportioned to the noise that formerly accompanied it, and to the curiosity that it will excite hereafter.

The public therefore had a right to expect, and, no doubt, would receive with favour, an authentic account of the life of John Wilkes, accompanied by such documents as would throw light on the public transactions of its most active period; by anecdotes of the most distinguished persons his cotemporaries; and by just so much of his private correspondence as would illustrate his character, and explain the motives of his conduct. Such a life Mr. Almon was sufficiently qualified to supply: not indeed from his superior abilities as a biographer; but from his long and intimate connection with the deceased, from his former situation as a political bookseller, and lastly from his having had submitted to his perusal and use the original papers and letters of Mr. Wilkes.

The five volumes which this gentleman has published, contain, we believe, an accurate account of Wilkes's life, correct copies of many of his productions the most in request, and a vast number of private letters; enough, in short, to satisfy the most eager curiosity. Not, therefore, to accuse Mr. Almon of any sins of omission in discharging his duty to his friend and to the public, we could wish him to have recollected that too much may be done as well as too little, that works of supererogation have long ceased to be esteemed meritorious, and that it was not absolutely necessary to bestow *all* his tediousness upon our worships.

But perhaps Mr. Almon may have observed that the public taste for lives and letters, which arose from the success of Mason's Life of Gray, and some other happy specimens, has of late increased to such a degree as to encourage sundry merce-

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* Henry IV. act ii. sc. 4. Dol Tearsheet to Falstaff.
† Johnson, Burke, Junius, Churchill, &c. &c.

nary book-makers and book-sellers to make a shameful job of this sort of productions, and to load the press with all the trash that has passed through the post-office for the last century. He may have observed this; and wishing, good man! to cure the public of that vitiated taste which exposes it to so much literary quackery, he has here, like a skilful leech, forced upon it so large a dose as must infallibly produce satiety and surfeit, and make it loath in future the very name of 'Lives and Correspondence.' If this was his intention, he has succeeded to a miracle; if not meant, 'tis a hit indeed.

In reality these volumes might have been reduced to at least half their bulk, without any violent loss to the public or to the character of Mr. Wilkes. What is written by Mr. Almon himself, displays neither great powers of mind, nor elegance of expression. Of the letters many are perfectly uninteresting, add nothing to our instruction, and are very far indeed from contributing to our amusement. Such are those from Dr. Brewster in the first, and many others in the subsequent volumes. Even the correspondence between Wilkes and his daughter, though it undoubtedly exhibits him in so amiable a point of view that we can hardly blame the friendly zeal which dictated the publication, is so often on subjects of no imaginable interest to the rest of mankind, and is so monotonous withal, that we cannot but feel that there is 'something too much of this.'

We feel this the more, as the style in which Mr. Wilkes expresses his affection for his daughter is extremely fulsome, foreign from the simple manliness of the English character, and evidently imitative of the factitious and putid style of fondness exhibited in madame de Sevigné's and other French letters. Indeed the eternal expressions of his paternity remind us of the old monkish greeting:

> Quot pilos habent asinorum cutes,
> Tot et plures tibi mitto salutes;

which may be thus translated:

> Count all the hairs upon an ass's hide,
> My salutations—Cocker shall decide—
> As many will be found, and more beside.

It is here but fair to observe, that except in this respect, we have no objection to advance against the style of Wilkes's letters; which is in general very clear, terse, sprightly, and expressive.

After making every deduction, it must be allowed that these volumes contain, in the midst of much irrelevant matter, no small portion of amusement and information. This will

be evident from a brief account of their more remarkable contents, accompanied by a few extracts.

The first volume begins with an account of Mr. Wilkes's family, education, marriage, and separation from his wife.

From this we learn that his mother was a very amiable and respectable lady, but a rigid dissenter; and that in consequence of a plan concerted between her and Mrs. Mead (the mother of his future wife), also a dissenter, who resided with her daughter at Aylesbury, our hero, after having received the rudiments of his education at Hertford, was placed under the tuition of a private preceptor, a dissenting clergyman, who kept a small seminary at Aylesbury.

'When young Mr. Wilkes had been some time under Mr. Leeson's care, his father resolved to send him, with his preceptor, to the university of Leyden, to finish his studies. Here he cultivated his taste for the Latin classics, with great assiduity. He also entered into the Greek classics, but not with the same partiality. Of all the Latin writers, he was most attached to Cicero and Virgil. Tacitus he preferred to Livy, but with no enthusiasm for either.

'Of Mr. Wilkes's academical acquirements, no eulogy need be attempted. He owed more to his own application, and to study, than to the assistance of the university. These were his best preceptors. The university did something, but his own ardour and perseverance did more. They made him a most excellent Latin classic, and a tolerable Greek one. He never failed to cultivate and improve his acquaintance with the best writers in those languages; so that when he entered into the wide field of politics, which was a few months after the accession of his present majesty, he was as complete a scholar as he could have been had he remained at Oxford or Cambridge from the time of his leaving Hertford.'—P. 9.

We here pause to observe, that, notwithstanding Mr. Almon's eulogy on his attainments, the foregoing account of Mr. Wilkes's education, connected with the subsequent detail of his depraved conduct and licentious opinions, furnishes an argument in favour of the usual and regular mode of education for English gentlemen at a public school and English university, too strong to be overthrown by the invective of Gibbon's wounded vanity, or the overflowings of Cowper's mistaken zeal.

Whatever might be the original propensities of Wilkes's constitution, the temptations by which he was seduced, or the accidents by which he was thrown into a participation of every loose and every profane excess in the company of the most abandoned profligates, we have no doubt that the illiberal austerity and puritanical seclusion of his education left on his mind an impression of aversion and disgust, and

tended very strongly to give him an ardent longing for the unknown and forbidden pleasures of the world; so that the moment he was emancipated from restraints, he plunged headlong with all the eagerness of curiosity, into the extremes of vice and folly. Nor did it increase his affection for a life of moral and religious regularity, that he found himself in his nonage married, in compliance with the will of his parents, to a woman half as old again as himself, brought up a recluse, of habits abhorrent from gaiety, and bigoted to her own persuasions.

We return from this digression.—The remainder of the first volume is, perhaps, the most interesting part of the whole work. It contains the History of the North Briton, of the General Warrant, Evasion of the Habeas Corpus Act, Seizure of Papers, and Discharge by the Court of Common Pleas: in short, the whole of Mr. Wilkes's public life, from his first political Essay 'On the Rupture with Spain, in 1762,' till his return after his first flight to Paris, in 1763. Of Wilkes's own composition, we have here his Dedication to Lord Bute of Ben Jonson's play 'The Fall of Mortimer,' which Wilkes himself esteemed his best production; his correspondence with the secretaries of state; the last paper of the North Briton; his Letter on his Public Conduct, &c. &c.

In the second volume, we have an account of the meeting of parliament, in November, 1763; the king's message, in consequence of which No. 45 was ordered to be burned by the common hangman; and Mr. Wilkes's ineffectual complaint of breach of privilege. After a tedious account of the duel with Mr. Martin, and five letters to his daughter, follow those to Mr. Cotes, forming by far the most important part of his correspondence. As a specimen we give

LETTER VIII.

'Paris, Hotel de Saxe, January 20, 1764.

'MY DEAREST COTES,

'PHILIPPS* writes to me in a warm strain, to return immediately; and, from the partial view he takes of my affairs, which is so far as law and the two houses are concerned, I really think him right. You and I, my beloved friend, have more extended views; and therefore, as I have now an opportunity, I will sift it to the bottom, for I am secure of my conveyance. Your letter of the 10th leaves me no doubt of the certainty of my expulsion. Now give me leave to take a peep into futurity. I argue upon the supposition that I was expelled this morning, at one or two o'clock, after a warm debate. I am, then, no longer a member of parliament. Of consequence, a political man not in the house is of no impor-

'* Philipps was now his solicitor.'

ance; and never can be well enough, nor minutely enough, informed, to be of any great service. What then am I to do in England? If I return soon, it is possible that I may be found guilty of the publication of N° 45 of the North Briton, and of the Essay on Woman. I must then go off to France; for no man in his senses would stand Mansfield's sentence upon the publisher of a paper declared by both houses of parliament, scandalous, seditious, &c. The Essay on Woman, too, would be considered as blasphemous; and Mansfield would, in that case, avenge on me the old Berwick grudge. Am I then to run the risk of this, and afterwards to confess by going away so critically—as evident a flight as Mahomet's was from Mecca? Surely not.

'But I am to wait the event of these two trials; and Philipps can never persuade me that some risk is not run. I have in my own case experienced the fickleness of the people. I was almost adored one week; the next, neglected, abused, and despised. With all the fine things said and wrote of me, have not the public to this moment left me in the lurch, as to the expence of so great a variety of law-suits? I will serve them to the last moment of my life; but I will make use of the understanding God has given me, and will owe neither my security nor indemnity to them. Can I trust likewise a rascally court, who bribe my own servants to steal out of my house? Which of the opposition, likewise, can call on me, and expect my services? I hold no obligation to any of them, but to lord Temple, who is really a superior being. It appears, then, that there is no call of honour.

'I will now go on to the public cause, that of every man,—liberty. Is there then any one point behind to be tried? I think not. The two important decisions in the court of common-pleas and at Guildhall, have secured for ever an Englishman's liberty and property. They have grown out of my firmness, and the affair of the North Briton; but neither in this case are we nor our posterity concerned whether John Wilkes, or John à Nokes, wrote or published the North Briton or the Essay on Woman.

'The public, then, has no call upon me. I have steadily pursued their object: and I may now, after all their huzzas, fall back into the mass of common citizens. Does any one point suffer by my absence? I have not heard that it does. I know that many of the opposition are, to the full, as much embarrassed about my business as the administration, and detest it as much. I believe, both parties will rejoice at my being here. Too many personalities, likewise, have been mixed with my business; and the king himself has taken too great, not to say too indecent, a share in it, to recede. Can it be thought, too, that the princess dowager can ever forgive what she supposes I have done? What then am I to expect if I return to England? Persecution from my enemies; coldness and neglect from friends, except such noble ones as you and a few more. I go on to some other things.

'My private finances are much hurt by three elections; one at Berwick, and two at Aylesbury. Miss Wilkes's education is expensive. I can live here much cheaper than in London. And

what is my duty, and you know is the object I have most at heart, her welfare, will be better, in every point, ascertained here, with me, than at London. Shall I return to Great George-street, and live at so expensive a house? Forbid it real economy, and forbid it pride, to go to another, unless for some great national point of liberty! Perhaps, in the womb of fate, some important public or private event is to turn up. A lucky death often sets all right. Mrs. Mead and Mrs. Sherbrooke are both old, and have no relation but miss Wilkes. She is devoted to me, beyond what you can imagine; and is really all that a fond father can wish. I have taken all possible care of her in every respect. I could live here as well as I wish, for one half of what it will cost me in London; and, when miss Wilkes was of an age to return to England, not a farthing in debt—which at present oppresses my spirits. I am grown prudent, and will be economical to a great degree.

'If government means peace or friendship with me, and to save their honour (wounded to the quick by Webb's affair), I then breathe no longer hostility. And, between ourselves, if they would send me ambassador to Constantinople, it is all I should wish. Mr. Grenville, I am told, solicits his recal. I think, however, the king can never be brought to this (as to me, I mean), though the ministry would wish it.

'If I stay at Paris, I will not be forgot in England; for I will feed the papers, from time to time, with gall and vinegar against the administration. I cannot express to you how much I am courted here, nor how pleased our inveterate enemies are with the North Briton. Goy felt the pulse of the French ministers about my coming here and Churchill's, upon the former report. The answer was sent from the duke de Praslin, by the king's orders, to monsieur St. Foy, *premier commis des affaires etrangeres*, in these words: "Les deux illustres J. W. et C. C. peuvent venir en France et à Paris aussi souvent, et pour autant de tems, qu'ils le jugeront à propos," &c.

'I am offered the liberty of printing here whatever I choose. I have taken no resolution; nor will I, till I hear again from you. Favour me with your sentiments fully and freely.

'Your most devoted, JOHN WILKES.' Vol. ii. p. 48.

The rest of the volume is chiefly taken up with letters to his daughter, written whilst he was on his Italian tour. Of these we select part of the 22nd, as one of the most entertaining.

'I went from Grenoble to see the Grande Chartreuse; which is the chief monastery of the Chartreux, and where the general chapter is held once in every year. It is about eight leagues from Grenoble; among the most savage rocks, and gloomy woods, you can imagine. The situation inspires horror rather than pensiveness. The monks are extremely hospitable, and entertain strangers very well. They speak only on particular days; but a *père coadjuteur* is appointed to receive and to do the honours to strangers, and the *père général* may always talk. They eat no meat; but they have fish of all sorts, and garden-stuff. They are allowed to drink wine, and the *père général* sent me a present of the best Burgundy I ever tasted.

They receive all strangers; and there are separate apartments for the English, French, Spaniards, &c. with a large hall for each to dine in. The building is immense, and near it are small houses for all kinds of workmen. I lay there; and was as well entertained as it is possible to be,—with the best fish, bread, butter, cheese, and wine. I ought to have mentioned first the pious conversation of the good fathers; which edified me greatly, though not quite converted so obstinate a heretic as my dear Polly knows me to be. Many of the fathers have lived much in the gay world; and are indeed truly gentlemen,—very polite and easy, and not in the least peevish. Several of them were only sons of great fortunes, who have voluntarily retired there. They have each a bed-chamber, an antichamber, a cabinet, and a garden; with a variety of iron and wooden instruments to make chairs, boxes, &c. to amuse themselves.' Vol. ii. p. 181.

Notes upon Churchill occupy the first part of the third volume; among which, in a note upon a passage of 'The Candidate,' is Mr. Wilkes's account of Medmenham abbey, a of which we insert.

'Medmenham (or, as it is pronounced, Mednam) Abbey is a very large house on the banks of the Thames, near Marlow in Buckinghamshire. It was formerly a convent of Cistertian monks. The situation is remarkably fine. Beautiful hanging woods, soft meadows, a chrystal stream, and a grove of venerable old elms near the house, with the retiredness of the mansion itself, made it as sweet a retreat as the most poetical imagination could create.

'Sir Francis Dashwood, sir Thomas Stapleton, Paul Whitehead, Mr. Wilkes, and other gentlemen, to the number of twelve, rented the abbey, and often retired thither in the summer. Among other amusements, they had sometimes a mock celebration of the rites of the foreign religious orders; of the Franciscans in particular, for the gentlemen had taken that title from their founder, sir Francis Dashwood. "Paul the aged"* was secretary and steward to the order. Mr. Wilkes had not been at the abbey for many months before the publication of this poem in 1764.

'No profane eye has dared to penetrate into the English Eleusinian mysteries of the chapter-room; where the monks assembled on all solemn occasions, and the more secret rites were performed, and libations poured forth in much pomp to the Bona Dea. I shall only venture to relate what many mortal eyes have seen; and

——— sit mihi fas audita loqui.

'Over the grand entrance, was the famous inscription on Rabelais's abbey of Thelème: *Fay ce que voudras.* At the end of the passage, over the door, was: *Aude, hospes, contemnere opes!* At one end of the refectory was Harpocrates, the Egyptian god of silence; at the other end the goddess Angerona, that the same duty might be enjoined to both sexes.' Vol. iii. p. 60.

The reader who wishes any farther detail of this horribly

'*Mr. Whitehead.'

profligate institution, may find it in the third volume of Chrysal; in the fourth volume of which work, we observe *en passant*, there is a very well drawn character of Wilkes. In this volume also are Mr. Wilkes's celebrated Letter to the Electors of Aylesbury; his two Letters to the Duke of Grafton; and various other papers, many of very little consequence, bringing down his history to his expulsion from parliament, by a vote of the house, February 3, 1769. The fourth volume records his election as alderman of the ward of Farringdon Without in 1769, as sheriff of London and Middlesex in 1771, and as lord-mayor in 1774. Letters between him and his daughter, as usual, fill up the gaps. We have also the speeches he addressed to public charrcters, when

> He chamberlain was after made
> For's just and righteous dealings.—Salmagundi.

Numbers of complimentary letters on the elegant editions of Catullus and Threophrastus, printed under his care, &c. &c. bring up the rear. The fifth volume opens with miscellaneous letters; one of which, from miss Sterne, is so much in her father's strangest manner, that we must indulge our readers with an extract.

'Dear Sir, Angoulême, July 22, 1769.

'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to fulfil the promise I made you the last time I had the pleasure of seeing you. I mean that of writing to you, and to give you an account of us and of our situation. A correspondent like Mr. Wilkes gives your humble servant more vanity than I thought I was capable of. I am an inch taller to-day than I was yesterday. I wish the French may not find a difference in my behaviour—*ce sera bien pire.* When I receive a letter from you, they certainly will say, "*Peste! que cette fille est aujourd'hui dans ces grands airs! Décampons au plus vîte.*" This is supposing you will favour me with an answer, else I have done wrong to style you "correspondent:" but I know you are polite, and never want what the French call *égards pour les femmes; encore moins, je m'imagine, vis-à-vis les filles.*

'You expected an English letter, and not a *pot pourri.* I will not write one word more of French. I know not why I do, for I am no very great admirer of the language: 'tis better calculated for nonsense than my own; and consequently suits me better to write, though not Mr. Wilkes to read. Thank my stars, you promised me not to shew my letters to any one, not even to your confessor—remember that.

'Now, as to our journey,—nothing either agreeable in it or diverting, I promise you. A journey through France (that is to say, the posting part of it) cannot be a *Sentimental* one; for it is one continued squabble with innkeepers and postillions: yet not like Smelfungus*, who never kept his temper; for we kept ours, and

'* Sentimental Journey.'

laughed whilst we scolded.—How much the French have the advantage over us! They give themselves ease by swearing; which, you know, is talking bawdy. We English women do not know to set about it; yet, as archbishops in France swear as well as their neighbours (for I have heard them, to my edification), I cannot see why we women may not follow their example. The French women, however, do it *sans façon*. Again!—scratch out the words *sans façon* yourself, and put an English one in the place, which I will hereafter adopt.

'Angoulême is a pretty town: the country most delightful, and from the principal walk there is a very fine prospect; a serpentine river, which joins the Garonne at Bourdeaux, has a very good effect; trees in the middle of it, which form little islands, where the inhabitants go and take the *fresco*:—in short, 'tis a most pleasing prospect; and I know no greater pleasure than sitting by the side of the river, reading Milton or Shakspeare to my mother. Sometimes I take my guitar, and sing to her. Thus do the hours slide away imperceptibly; with reading, writing, drawing, and music.

> Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
> We play the trifle life away.

Yet, dear sir, often do we wish ourselves in England. Necessity sent us hither; may Fortune bring us back!' Vol. v. p. 9.

The rest of the volume is a collection of all manner of miscellaneous matters, copies of Proclamations, Extract from the Guildhall Rota Book, the Wills of John Wilkes, Miss Wilkes, Israel Wilkes, &c. &c. among which occurs the Introduction to the History of England, a composition that never rises above mediocrity, and leaves us no reason to regret the want of the remainder of that long-threatened work. At length we see land. After a course so fatiguing to ourselves, and to our readers, we may now be allowed to dismiss Mr. Almon's five volumes in the words of Martial:

> Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.

BUT what shall we say to the ingenious gentlemen who have favoured the public with four more volumes of Wilkesiana? Mr. Almon shall speak for us. In the postscript to his preface he says,

'It may be proper for the editor to state that since his announcement of this work, he has been offered some collections of very trifling letters of Mr. Wilkes, in the possession of some persons who evinced more regard to their own pecuniary interests, than to the reputation of the writer, or the information of the public.—Sedulously attentive to the expectation of his friends, in regard to the perfection of the work which he had announced, he paid due attention to these offers, but found that the letters themselves were wholly unworthy of the public eye, and so utterly insignificant and

trifling, that it would have been indecorous, both in respect to the deceased and his readers, to have given them place in this collection.'

So far we agree with him: but when he adds that 'they elucidate no traits of private character,' we are reluctantly obliged to dissent; and beg leave to observe, on the contrary, that if we knew from the former publication that Wilkes was excessively fond of his daughter, we not only have that trait confirmed in the latter by 'damnable iteration,' but we learn moreover that he was also fond of 'giblet soups and pork-griskins.' Vol. ii. Letter 5.

In fact, never was there a more happy union of parental love and love of good-eating, than in these strange letters.

'The alderman of Farringdon Without is not yet laughed out of his passion for catering, and therefore has sent you some delicate country pork, fed with milk and pease only, and a leg of Welsh mutton. He hopes to enjoy both with his beloved daughter the next week. He has sent in the same basket a sally lunkin for her breakfast, and a brown loaf from the country, both of which are much esteemed.' Vol. ii. P. 152.

Here we should dismiss this wretched compilation without a word more, did not our duty to the public imperiously call upon us to stigmatize with marked reprobation the conduct of the editor, who has suffered that shameful compound of folly and blasphemy, called an 'account of a Christmas dinner,' (Letter 75, Vol. ii.) to be obtruded upon the public. He says, indeed, (page 181) that 'it is to be regretted the editor possessed not a full power of omitting as many of the letters as he chose;' and again,

'There are also some few letters (they are very few) that a little betray some of the particular opinions which the author is known to have entertained. Perhaps also these might have been omitted, but the passages of this sort are so rare as hardly to give alarm to the most scrupulous. And it may surely be reasonably doubted, whether more would not have been lost with respect to knowledge of character, than would have been gained on the score of an over-strained decorum:' Vol. i. P. 7.

but he deprives himself even of these lame excuses, when he asserts, (page 183) that, 'on the whole, these letters are not, in his judgment, disgraceful to Mr. Wilkes's memory.' Let him beware: the public will pardon the sins of his youth, a lifeless tragedy and a few feeble sonnets; but for a paltry gain to lend his assistance, if not his name, to the diffusion of ribaldry and profaneness, is a kind of treason against society for which nothing can atone. On the whole, for the sake of the public patience, time, and pocket, we recommend that the four additional volumes be forthwith consigned to the vault of all the

Capulets; and that, from the materials of Mr. Almon's large collection, the best parts be selected, and edited in not more than two volumes, with this title: 'Volumina duo, ex tam multis libris conglutinata, quod unus pinguis cocus per decem annos, oves, boves, sues, grues, passeres, anseres, &c. &c. coquere, vel aliquis fumosus calefactor centum magna hypocausta per viginti annos ab eis calefacere, posset.'

Epistol. Obscuror. Viror.

ART. XII.—*Narrative of a Voyage to Brasil. By Thomas Lindley.* 8*vo.* 6*s. Boards.* Johnson. 1805.

THE writer of this work was master of a brig, in which he sailed on a speculation the 25th of February 1802, from the Cape of Good Hope for Rio Janeiro. A gale of wind in the course from St. Helena obliged him to bear away for the nearest port in Brasil; and he arrived at Bahia (or St. Salvadore) about the middle of April. After the usual inconveniences from the jealousy of the Portuguese, he sailed about the middle of May for Rio Janeiro, but was again obliged to put into port when he was off Porto Seguro. Here, by his own confession, he entered into a negotiation with the son of the judge of the place, for some Brasil wood: a quantity was prepared for barter; but it was not delivered, from its being too generally known 'that the guardians of trade were going to engage in an illicit commerce.' Another offer of the same kind was made; and on its being accepted by the captain, it was determined that on the next night a quantity should be sent on board: but the plan was not carried into execution; because the author, on better information, would have no concern with it, being no longer solicitous to obtain any wood, as he 'found that it was an article strictly contraband, and not to be obtained without danger.'

The ship required some repairs; but just before they were finished, it was seized on the 2d of July by an order from the government, and the captain and crew taken into custody. The arrest was owing to information having been given of the two sons of the judge being engaged in mal-practices in the diamond country, and being concerned in a contraband trade with the master of this vessel: they also were seized and conveyed to prison, with the captain and crew, at Porto Seguro; and at the end of September they were transferred to Bahia, and lodged in different fortresses. From this place the captain effected his escape, and arrived at Oporto on the 2d of November 1803; and by the advice of the consul went to Lisbon, to represent his case to the ambassador.

Application was made to the Portuguese government; and after the lapse of a considerable time, its determination was declared, that no restitution or recompence whatever should be made in this affair.

From the time of his detention to his escape, the author kept a journal of every transaction, which is dull and prolix. The treatment of himself, his wife, and his crew, was unnecessarily vexatious and cruel, even if the charge against them had been true; but for a considerable time during his stay in the country, he was allowed the liberty of moving about in the city, and the choice of his habitation. Several ships from England arrived at the place of his confinement; one a ship of war, with whose captain he conversed, but no result of consequence followed: from which it should seem that the difficulty of parrying the charge was too great to be overcome. The author does not seem to have had much opportunity of associating with the higher classes. The Brasilians he represents under the usual colours; sloth, dirtiness, and superstition, are the chief features of their character: but these have been so often described by better writers, that the voyage through so many wearisome pages on the author's feelings, overbalances any satisfaction that we might derive from his description of the country and its inhabitants. The work will be, however, found very useful to all who approach the coast of the Brasils; and particularly so to those who are inclined to engage in the contraband trade, who will from this work be qualified to estimate the dangers they are likely to encounter. The Portuguese government will certainly be thankful for this publication; as it is not desirous of seeing strangers in its colonies, and is particularly earnest to intimidate both them and the natives from any connection in prohibited articles.

ART. XIII.—*A Statistical and Historical Inquiry into the Progress and Magnitude of the Population of Ireland. By Thomas Newenham, Esq.* 8vo. 8*s. Boards.* Baldwin. 1805.

QUESTIONS in political arithmetic, even when abstractedly considered, naturally excite general curiosity: but when viewed by the politician as a collection of facts which are calculated to elucidate the actual and comparative advantages and resources of kingdoms; to point out the increase or diminution of national wealth, strength, and prosperity; and to draw the attention more clearly to the causes of such variations as may have occurred; they become of the first importance, and demand every possible consideration and encouragement. Almost every

man is fond of any information, however incorrect, which announces to him the number of the inhabitants in the village, town, or country, where he resides; the sources and amount of public revenue, taxes, and expenditure: but how few can or will undertake the laborious task of minute investigation, so as to enable them to acquire and communicate information which can be relied upon for any tolerable degree of accuracy! Whenever, therefore, any gentleman of respectability dedicates a considerable portion of his time to an useful inquiry not of the most inviting nature, and which demands no common degree of labour and diligence in its execution,—though he may fail in some of his expectations, or be mistaken in some of his reasonings, still the public are much indebted to him for every additional fact, or for any distinct arrangement of facts, which his work may be found to contain.

The author of the inquiry before us was a member of the Irish parliament for the borough of Clonmel: he is possessed of much local information; is an attentive observer; has been industrious in consulting the most authentic documents; and, making some allowance for his partiality, has no premeditated intention, we believe, to introduce wilful misrepresentations. Although he professes himself to be naturally and habitually attached to Ireland, and evidently is fond of placing every thing relative to that part of the united kingdom in the most favourable point of view, yet we cannot but give him credit for a general and unqualified disapprobation of all factious and party views, and believe that he would readily co-operate with every good subject of the empire in promoting its united interests and prosperity.

Our author has been induced to undertake the present inquiry, from an idea that an accurate knowledge of the internal affairs of Ireland is not generally diffused in this country, and that its population and resources have been much under-rated. We shall now present our readers with an account of the manner in which he has treated his subject, and of the most important facts and conclusions to be found in the work.

The principal causes which conduce to accelerate the multiplication of the human species, he justly observes, are plenty of food, frequency of marriage, an healthful climate, a mild and equitable government, and an increasing demand for labour. Previous to the last century, the circumstances of Ireland were by no means auspicious to an increase of population, or indeed to the progress of any political improvement. Wars, rebellions, famine, and pestilence, were the successive and sometimes united scourges of that unhappy country. But during almost the whole of the last century, it cannot be doubted that abundant food and frequent marriages, seconded by a climate highly

salubrious and little counteracted by physical or moral calamities, have conduced to a rapid increase of the Irish population. The plenty of food our author ascribes partly to the introduction of potatoes, the peculiar sustenance of the inferior orders of Irish, and partly to the prevailing custom of the country. The frequency of marriage, too, is a consequence of abundance of food, by which the maintenance of children is attended with little expence or inconvenience. On the contrary, children become a source of wealth. It is likewise to be added, that the Irish poor have been accustomed to reconcile themselves to various privations; and to dispense with many of those articles which, in other countries, and especially in England, are by the same class reckoned among the necessaries of life. The acquisition of any thing in the shape of a capital is considered as quite unnecessary before entering into the state of wedlock: the bodily labour of the parties is sufficient to supply all their immediate wants; and gradually furnishes the means of maintenance, clothing, and accommodation, for their families. The following appears to be a curious fact.

'I insert the following extract from a letter written by an intelligent and respectable clergyman, not so much on account of its assistance in conveying an idea of the facility with which children have been reared in Ireland, as on that of its tendency to throw some additional light on the circumstances of the Irish poor. "Among the various modes of industry to which the poor people in this and one or two of the adjacent parishes resort, that of nursing and rearing *Parishcens* seems not unworthy of particular attention. *Parishcens* is the vulgar appellation given to the foundling infants, sent down every year from Dublin, in large cargoes, to be wet and dry-nursed, fed, and clothed, at the rate, (until within these last four years) of forty shillings a year for each child, and three pounds for the last year; unless the nurse wishes to retain the child, which she is *frequently induced to do*. In this case, the last year's wages are forfeited. The nurses are moreover obliged to take the children to Dublin (distant about forty miles) once every year, in order to obtain their salaries. Each of these wretched women has an infant of her own at the breast, at the same time, with one or *two* of these *Parishcens*. There are between sixty and seventy of these little ill-fated beings in this parish. Within the last four years, the salary for the foregoing purposes, has been raised from forty shillings to five pounds for the first year, and three pounds for every succeeding year, till the child be returned at the age of *nine*. The most eager solicitations are made to obtain the nursing of these children." P. 19.

In the third section Mr. Newenham takes notice of the circumstances which he conceives have tended to frustrate, in a considerable degree, the agency of the causes of a rapid multiplication of people in Ireland. These circumstances he enu-

merates to be the penal laws which for a great part of the century were in force against Roman-catholics, the spirit of commercial jealousy which induced the English parliament to impose restraints upon the trade of Ireland, the encroachment of pasturage upon tillage, and the numerous emigrations to America and the West Indies. On the subject of emigration we have the following statement:

'In the year 1784 there appeared an accurate statement of the numbers who emigrated to America in the years 1771, 1772, 1773. It was as follows:

'*In the year* 1771.

Ports.	No. of Ships.	No. of People.
Belfast	7	1,750
Newry	9	2,800
Derry	13	3,650
Larne	2	450
Portrush	1	250

'*In the year* 1772.

Belfast	10	2,650
Newry	5	1,600
Derry	9	2,600
Larne	5	1,300
Portrush	1	250

'*In the year* 1773.

Belfast	13	3,400
Newry	8	2,550
Derry	14	4,050
Larne	4	1,300

'Total 28,600. Annual average 9,533.

'If we said that during fifty years of the last century the average annual emigrations to America and the West Indies (for considerable numbers went there also) amounted to about 4,000, and consequently that, in that space of time, about 200,000 had emigrated to the British plantations, I am disposed to think we should rather fall short of, than exceed the truth.' P. 59.

It is also supposed, on the testimony of abbé M'Geoghegan in his 'Histoire d'Irlande,' that 450,000 Irishmen perished in the service of France between the years 1691 and 1744. We do not deny that these circumstances may have had some effects upon the population of Ireland, but not to so extensive a degree as our author seems to imagine. As, however, some of these topics would lead into a wide field of inquiry respecting the policy or impolicy of many of the measures of government when the relative situation of the two countries was totally different from what it is at present, we shall abstain

from making any remarks upon the reasoning employed on the occasion. We shall only state that the great increase of population which confessedly took place in Ireland notwithstanding these apparent obstacles, (exceeding the progress made at the same time in Great Britain,) is sufficient to induce us to hesitate in pronouncing the measures then pursued to be a continued system of destructive and illiberal oppression. It is easy to condemn or lament what is past, when the urgency of the moment, and the causes which gave rise to events, are in a great measure lost sight of. We have more pleasure in contemplating and wishing to believe the declaration of Mr. Foster in the Irish house of commons in 1800, so frequently quoted by Mr. Newenham;—that since 1782, Ireland has risen in civilization, wealth, and manufactures, in a greater proportion, and with a more rapid progress, than any other country in Europe.

The collection of the hearth-tax in Ireland has afforded the means of estimating the progressive population; and had the returns been free from all suspicion of inaccuracy, the conclusions to be drawn from them might safely be depended upon: but Mr. Newenham clearly shews that, both from negligence and fraud, these returns have been extremely defective, and have not exceeded, but fallen far short of, the truth. He at the same time finds himself compelled to make use of these documents as the groundwork of his future calculations; into which, of course, many inaccuracies must be introduced: and instead of leaving the result, as he imagines, more free from any suspicion of exaggeration, it has a quite contrary tendency.

In the fifth section our author proceeds to shew the actual progress of population in Ireland during the last century, and to ascertain the period during which it doubles. In the year 1672, sir William Petty computed that Ireland contained about 1,100,000 inhabitants. By another survey, supposed to be more accurate, made in the year 1695, captain South estimated the number of inhabitants at only 1,034,102. This decrease is supposed to be accounted for by the war of the Revolution, and by the political circumstances which both preceded and followed it; which, in turn, occasioned the departure of a multitude both of protestant and Roman-catholic families. Many of the protestants perhaps did not return till after the year 1695, and the Roman-catholics who fled on the complete overthrow of king James probably never returned at all. The next account of the population of Ireland is a return of the number of inhabitants in each parish in the year 1731, made by the parochial clergy, in consequence of an order of the house of lords. Subsequently to 1731, six returns by the collectors of hearth-money have been made public. From these documents the following view has been drawn up.

Captain South's computation in 1695, - - - 1,034,102.
Return to the house of lords in 1731, - - - 2,010,221.

Number of houses returned in		Number of inhabitants, at six to each house.	
1754 was	395,439		2,372,634
1767	424,646		2,544,276
1777	448,426		2,690,556
1785	474,322		2,845,932
1788	650,000		3,900,000
1791	701,102		4,206,612

It is to be observed, that the returns made previous to 1788 are not to be depended upon, nor are we furnished with the data on which the two previous computations are made. That of 1695, we believe, was founded upon a poll-tax which was levied that year; and, from the evasions practised in such cases, probably falls far short of the real number. In consequence of the exertions of the commissioners of the revenue, and particularly of Mr. Bushe; and of the means employed by the inspector-general and others, to prevent every species of fraud; the returns of 1788 and 1791, but chiefly the latter, may be presumed to be very near the truth. Although therefore by a tabular arrangement Mr. Newenham would make it appear that, on an average calculation, the population of Ireland doubles in forty-six years, we do not see that we are warranted in drawing any satisfactory conclusion from the above documents except that there is every reason to believe that in the year 1791 the actual population exceeded four millions. We were at first of opinion that the allowance of six persons to each house was too great an average; but from the data contained in a subsequent section appropriated to this particular subject (and which contains much other curious information), we are inclined to believe it may be well founded. From the returns also made under the late population act in Great Britain, the average falls very little short of six.—It may not be unacceptable to introduce here the following table of population throughout the last century in England and Wales, extracted from the 'Observations on the Results of the Population Act,' to shew the comparative progress of population in this country with what is above supposed to have taken place in the sister kingdom.

Table of Population throughout the last Century.

England and Wales.

In the Year	Population.	In the Year	Population.
1700 - -	5,475,000	1770 - -	7,428,000
1710 - -	5,240,000	1780 - -	7,953,000
1720 - -	5,565,000	1785 - -	8,016,000
1730 - -	5,796,000	1790 - -	8,675,000
1740 - -	6,064,000	1795 - -	9,055,000
1750 - -	6,467,000	1801 - -	9,168,000
1760 - -	6,736,000		

The existing population in 1801, in this table, is taken something below the truth, for reasons unnecessary at present to explain; the real number of inhabitants at that time being probably at least 9,400,000. We should have inserted a similar table for Scotland, but it is not much to be relied upon. It only appears certain, that the population of that part of Great Britan in 1801 exceeded 1,600,000.

Mr. Newenham is extremely anxious to prove his position, that the period of doubling the population in Ireland is at least forty-six years; and attempts to draw arguments from the amount of hearth-money collected, from the number of new houses returned at different times, and from an idea that a great addition ought to be made to the return of 1791. The return for Dublin he supposes to be particularly defective, and makes the following estimate of its actual population:

'Besides it may, I think, be questioned whether the full amount of the population of the metropolis has as yet been ascertained. The number of houses in its district, returned to Mr. Bushe, in 1788, was 14,327, which, at 8 on an average to each house, gave only 114,616 souls; a number greatly short of that which Dublin was then supposed to contain. The number returned in 1791 does not appear separate from the aggregate number of the houses in Ireland. The number returned last August from 32 of the 52 districts into which Dublin was divided for the bettter preservation of the peace, was 10,638, which gave 332 on an average to each district. If the same average number be found in each of the other 20 districts, then the whole number of houses in Dublin, according to these returns, will be 17,278, which at 8 on an average to a house, will give a population of 138,224, which is also a smaller number than Dublin was generally believed to contain 20 years ago, and yet I know of no sufficient reason for doubting the accuracy of these district returns. By Wilson's Directory, it appears that there are, in the city and suburbs of Dublin, 658 streets, squares, quays, alleys, courts, &c. By the numbers opposite the merchants' and traders' names, we may perceive that of these streets, &c.

1	contains upwards of		200 houses.
1	do.	do.	180 do.
6	do.	do.	150 each, 900 do.
2	do.	do.	130 do. 260 do.
9	do.	do.	100 do. 900 do.
8	do.	do.	80 do. 640 do.
19	do.	do.	70 do. 1330 do.
			4410

'If we allow but 25 on an average to each of the remaining 613 streets, &c. the total number will be 19,735, giving a population of 157,790, which perhaps is nearer the truth than the population last-mentioned.' P. 114.

It is a little remarkable that our author should afterwards imagine that any assistance to his theory is to be derived from the introduction of one or two partial, and probably very incorrect, accounts of the births and burials of a district in Russia, or from a reference to the late increase of inhabitants in the United States; nor does he give any good reason for asserting that the circumstances of America have not been more favourable to a rapid increase of people than those of Ireland during the last five-and-twenty years. The census taken in the United States at different periods, shews, with some degree of certainty, that the population of America was upon the increase so as to double in about thirty years. We are not prepared to vouch for the perfect accuracy of this statement; but still less to admit as a fact the conclusion of Mr. Newenham, drawn from evidence by no means so satisfactory as he imagines, and supported in many respects by declamation more than by sound argument. From the impression, however, made on the mind of our author, he *assumes* that since the year 1791 there has been an average annual increase of about 91,448 souls in the Irish population, and that its actual present amount is about 5,395,436.

The author of the 'Observations on the Results of the Population Act in England' asserts, without any reasoning on the subject, that the number of inhabitants has not increased in Ireland since the year 1795. We see no ground for any such a presumption. The truth probably is, that there has been a gradual increase, but by no means so rapid as Mr. Newenham would induce us to believe. He appears, indeed, to be so well convinced of the difficulty of supporting his conclusions, that he resorts to long dissertations on the foreign and domestic trade of Ireland, and on the consumption of different articles, which he considers as evidence of the increase and actual magnitude of its population. We here find a numberof curious and important facts, collected with much labour; but which are, in our opinion, very inadequate to the purpose for which they are employed, and are constantly giving rise to objections which he himself finds it necessary to combat as he proceeds.

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 14.—*A Letter to the Rev. George Burder, occasioned by his Sermon on Unlawful Amusements, preached at the Thursday Evening Lecture, Fetter-lane, Jan.* 10, 1805. 1*s.* 6*d.* Symonds.

THE sects of which we read in scripture, of Pharisees and Sadducees, similar to those of the Stoics and the Epicureans of the heathen world, are not unknown in our times: and among the Calvinists it is not unusual to hear them distinguished by the terms of either 'serious christians,' 'vital christians,' 'christians inwardly,' 'true believers,'—or of 'moral persons,' 'profane persons,' 'worldly persons,' 'nominal christians.' To the one class every thing that bears the appearance of cheerfulness, and delights the senses in a manner which they conceive to be improper, immediately fixes on the person who takes the least indulgence in it, the character of profaneness and immorality.

The preacher to whom this letter is addressed, is of the class appropriating to itself the term of 'serious christians;' and, agreeably to this character, he inveighed most bitterly against the use of various amusements, particularly the stage, in a manner equally devoid of judgment and charity. His discourse excited the answer before us, from one whom *we* should term a 'serious christian:' though his sentiments may expose him to the opposite denomination from the other party; for he endeavours to impress on all the necessity of distinguishing between the use and abuse of amusements, and points out several instances by which an indiscriminate warfare against them tends to expose real religion to ridicule. The letter deserves the serious consideration of the person to whom it is addressed, and of all who are unfortunate enough to clothe religion with gloominess instead of cheerfulness. It is penned evidently with the best intentions, and is well calculated to free the mind from the errors of those who 'tithe anise, mint, and cummin,' whilst they are neglecting points of the greatest importance.

ART. 15.—*The Duty of the Relations of those who are in dangerous Illnesses, and the Hazard of hasty Interments; a Sermon preached at Lancaster, July* 17, 1803. *By the Rev. S. Gisle.* 8*vo.* T. Conder and J. Simco.

There is nothing in this publication but the text, which has the least claim to the appellation of 'a Sermon.' From the mur-

der of Abel the author draws this conclusion:—that unless the relatives of the deceased keep the bodies until the first stage of putrescency, 'the voice of their brother's blood crieth unto the Lord against them from the ground.' Several instances are adduced of persons supposed to be dead, who have been restored to life by the resuscitative applications of the Humane Society; and a wonderful history is related of a lady who fell into a state of insensibility on a Sunday as she was going to chapel, but at the same hour on the following Sunday was awakened by the ringing of the church bell!!!

Mr. Girle's intentions are, without doubt, of the purest nature; but he should have given any other name to his work than 'a Sermon.'

ART. 16.—*First Principles of Christian Knowledge. By the Right Reverend Thomas Burgess, D. D. Bishop of St. David's.* Rivingtons. 1804.

The contents of this little work are, 1st, the duty of conforming to the established church; 2d, an explanation of the more difficult terms and doctrines in the church catechism and office of confirmation; 3d, the three church creeds exemplified and proved from the scriptures.

The learned bishop, with his usual ability, has treated these several subjects in a manner intelligible to the meanest capacity. We wish that the clergy not only in his lordship's diocese, but throughout the country, would recommend that course of religious education for the poor which he considers, and which is, both easy and practicable. This would greatly tend to correct that spirit of irreligion which is too frequently seen in the lower classes of the people, and is so greatly to be deplored.

ART. 17.—*A brief Illustration of the Morning Service of the United Church of England and Ireland; shewing not only the Use and Design of its various Parts, and the great Propriety with which they are arranged, but likewise the necessity of offering up our Devotions with the Worship of the Heart, no less than with the Service of the Lips. By the Rev. J. Clarke. 2d edit.* 12mo. 3s. 6d. Rivingtons. 1804.

The decided superiority which the liturgy of the established church possesses over the service of the generality of dissenting congregations, many of whom have even adopted it, is a fact so universally acknowledged, as to supersede all comments on our part, and render any apology for its recommendation to every sect of protestants unnecessary. Those who are of opinion that the morning service is too prolix, we refer to the concise liturgy of the New Jerusalem, or followers of Swedenburg; there they will find the most beautiful parts of the established forms so miserably paraphrased, and the service so mutilated, that the stranger who visits their chapels is greatly surprised to find the prayers brought to a conclusion before it is possible that that humility and lowliness of mind can be duly excited,

which are in a pre-eminent degree the characteristics of a sincere penitent addressing his petitions to the 'throne of the heavenly grace.'

To expatiate on the ability with which the work before us is executed, might look like prejudice: the demand for a second edition of this manual sufficiently evinces the opinion entertained of its merits by the public. We shall only observe that the author's remarks on the nature of confession, absolution, and the Athanasian creed, are extremely pertinent and satisfactory; but to quote passages from subjects like these, would be a disparagement to arguments conducted with no less ability than piety. His observations on those who habitually enter the 'solemn assembly' in the middle of prayers, deserve the attention of every one. We shall therefore take the liberty of transcribing the whole passage, the excellency of which must be the apology for its length.

'As *confession* is so important a part of prayer, and as the exercise of devout prayer contributes so greatly both to our present and future happiness, we may here be allowed to remark, how much it concerns every one who would worship God acceptably, to be in church when the service begins; and also, how highly improper and indecent it is for people *habitually* to enter the "solemn assembly" in the middle of the prayers, and sometimes later; a custom but too common with many from whom one might expect better things. But such a custom, however lightly some may think of it, is very wrong. It plainly testifies, that the hearts and affections of those who are guilty of it, whatever pretensions they may otherwise make to devotion, are so much engrossed by the things of the world, that they have no true relish for the things of eternity. Nor is it possible, while their hearts continue such, that they can derive any pleasure or advantage from what has afforded such unspeakable advantage and pleasure to holy men in all ages—communion with their Maker in devout and fervent prayer. So far, indeed, from this being the case, the service of God appears to people of this description no other than an irksome, tiresome task, a grievous and intolerable burden; concerning which they are ready to say, with the rebellious Israelites of old, "What a weariness is it!" But what saith the Lord of hosts to such? "Ye have snuffed at it, and ye brought that which was torn, and the lame and the sick; thus ye brought an offering: should I accept this of your hand? saith the Lord."

'Now such violators of order, civil as well as religious, would do well to remember, not only the great impropriety and indecency of their conduct in this respect, but also of how much spiritual advantage they deprive themselves; nay, what guilt they incur before God, by thus evading, as it were, confession of sin.—One would almost imagine, that people of this character were so grossly ignorant of themselves and their duty, as to suppose they had no sins to confess, no follies to lament, no lapses to recover. But this notion, whoever may maintain it, is clearly

repugnant both to scripture and our own personal feelings, as well as to the numberless observations which we may have an opportunity of making amongst mankind. "For *all* have sinned," as the sacred writings inform us, "and come short of the glory of God." And if we carefully examine the general bent of our own hearts, how prone they are to evil while uninfluenced by religious principles; and look also into the world around us, we shall soon be convinced how universally sin prevails.

'But not only the *confession*, and the other parts with which the service begins, but almost the whole of the prayers, lessons, &c. are habitually and designedly disregarded and neglected by a certain description of people, who seldom come into church till they suppose they are just in time to hear the sermon.

'Now that such a conduct as this,—which is in every respect so reprehensible, so contrary to the spirit and precepts of the gospel, and to the dictates of unbiassed reason,—that such a conduct as this should arise from inattention or ignorance of the nature of religious worship, is perhaps the most favourable apology that can be offered in extenuation of its guilt. But, supposing the contrary to be the case, supposing such behaviour to be owing to perverseness or pride, to conceit, or a contempt of every institution among men, human and divine, are not those who are thus *regularly irregular*, who, with unblushing effrontery, habitually obtrude themselves into the public congregation at so unseasonable a time—are not such, I would beg leave to ask, evidently guilty not only of a high degree of disrespect and impropriety towards their fellow-worshippers, in thus disturbing their good order, quiet, and devotion; but, what is still more to be deplored,—of the grossest insult towards their Maker?

'To those who are thus in the indecent and impious habit of generally absenting themselves from the public prayers, and who seem to think it sufficient to be in church any time before the sermon is begun, it perhaps might be of use to consider seriously, which is the more important part of public worship, *joining in the prayers*, or *hearing the sermon*. To determine this, we need only reflect, that in prayer we immediately address ourselves to, and as it were converse with, our Maker; which is, in reality, the highest advantage, happiness, and honour, which we can possibly attain to in this lower world. But in the sermon our business is of an inferior nature to this. For, in it, we only *hear* of God, and do not, as in devout prayer, so immediately *address ourselves* to him.

'Now, although in the sermon we are instructed in the several obligations which we owe to our Maker, and amongst these are taught the necessity of frequently offering up our prayers to him; and although such instruction is indispensably requisite to our edification and knowledge of our duty as christians, it is yet, as has just been observed, inferior to the act of fervent prayer. For when we are devoutly employed in this part of divine worship, the Supreme Being vouchsafes to draw near to

us, to honour us with his peculiar attention and presence, and to grant our requests, provided it be for our benefit to have them granted: for "no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly," and worship him in sincerity and truth.' P. 24.

Though Shepherd's 'Elucidation' is a performance highly creditable, yet being calculated more for the use of the younger clergy than the class of common readers, we give the preference to the manual of Mr. Clarke. No ostentatious display of learning, no quotations from the fathers, disfigure his pages; no pedantic affectation renders him unintelligible; but he writes precisely, as he professes, for the inferior orders of society, of whom the bulk of every congregation consists. We dismiss, therefore, this little volume, with our unqualified approbation: earnestly recommending it to those of the wealthy pious, who make it a practice at stated periods to distribute religious publications among their poorer neighbours; who by this means may be taught to 'worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, to hallow his sabbaths, to reverence his sanctuary; and not to forsake the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is, but to give thanks to the Lord in the great congregation, and to praise him among much people.'

ART. 18.—*The Character and final Perseverance of the Righteous. A Sermon, preached at St. Margaret's Chapel, Westminster, on Sunday, December 16th, 1804, on occasion of the Death of Mrs. Henrietta Stemler; with some interesting Particulars of her Life and Death. By John Davies, M. A. Minister of St. Margaret's Chapel, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.* 8vo. 1s. Hatchard.

We have read somewhere (we believe, in Joe Miller) of a clergyman who, being asked his price for a funeral sermon, answered, he could preach one from five guineas to five shillings. Mr. Davies, being of a more accommodating disposition, has published the funeral oration delivered by him in honour of Mrs. Stemler, for the still smaller sum of one shilling. If price be a criterion of merit, this harangue would certainly be dear at a penny.

The jargon of the conventicle, the rant of Calvinistical methodism, pervades the whole piece. The presumption of Mr. Davies in affirming that the deceased was 'now entered into heaven,' borders upon impiety, we had almost said blasphemy. The sermon, in short, consists of a string of quotations from scripture, perverted to answer the writer's purpose; and a long letter of eight pages, describing the death and sufferings of Mrs. Stemler. Lest the reader should think Mr. Davies guilty of exaggeration in the praises of the deceased, he is informed by a note that 'the anonymous insertions of a friend in a daily newspaper have celebrated her virtues with equal commendations.' O rare divine! O acute logician! Because a newspaper, that 'certus Apollo,' inserts whatever it is paid for, we must necessarily believe its asseverations!

Whatever good qualities Mrs. Stemler possessed, she seems, like

the generality of the sect to which we suppose Mr. Davies belongs, to have been haunted with a continual melancholy and fear of reprobation: a stranger to the real comforts of religion, she passed the greater part of her time in praying, and personally visiting and relieving the distressed. These actions, the source of real pleasure to the truly religious, were in her productive only of anxiety and uneasiness. By her death the poor seem to have lost a valuable friend, and as such we sincerely lament her. We are sorry to add that, by the publication of this rhapsody, Mr. Davies has returned but a paltry recompence for the encouragement *he* may have met with; and we would advise him to be content with the fee he may receive for any future eulogy, without seeking profit from the press. We think, however, on this occasion his gains will be small, and that he must sit down *contentus paucis lectoribus*.

POLITICS.

ART. 19.—*A Political and Military Survey.* 8vo. Carpenter. 1805.

This pamphleteer begins his preface by remarking that every politician has his own project for the new organization of Europe: and this observation seems to justify him, in his own opinion, for bringing forward *his* shallow project. The extravagance of his plan is most ridiculous: 'high at one bound he overleaps all bound.' It is inconceivable with what facility he disposes of armies, cities, states, kingdoms, and empires! totally forgetting that in all discussions, most of all in political ones, it is proper to *reason*, not to *assert*. But our author has disclaimed reasoning. *If* Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Austria, Prussia, and the Porte, will coalesce, then Sweden and Denmark are to have compensations in the East and West Indies. Russia is to have Sardinia and Elba, or perhaps Elba and Sicily. Prussia should take Hanover; and Holland, with all her dependencies, except the Cape of Good Hope. Austria should have Polish Prussia and Silesia, with the exclusion of the port of Dantzic; in Italy advance her right to the lake of Como, and *appuy* her left upon Ferrara, occupying the fortresses of Mantua, Peschiera, &c. The king of Sardinia should have Piedmont, the Milanese, Parma, and Piacenza: Naples be extended to Ferrara, and receive the kingdom of Etruria: the pope be indemnified by revenue from Austria and Russia; Spain by Trinidad, St. Domingo (if she can acquire it), Sardinia, and our mediation with America. The republic of the Seven Islands to be declared independent: Malta to be given up to the inhabitants, after the fortifications are destroyed; or to Austria, in case of Russia obtaining Sicily; and if Austria should decline garrisoning the fortress, to Portugal. The Ottoman Porte should surrender Crete and Alexandria to England; who moreover should have Dantzig, or some other port in the Baltic equally contiguous to the Austrian states.—But *if* the above-mentioned

powers will not coalesce, then England is to—do a number of things too absurd for us to enumerate. *Sic vult, sic jubet,* the author of the pamphlet before us.

ART. 20.—*Sketch of a Plan for the Salvation of England, and the Emancipation of Europe.* 8vo. Ridgway. 1805.

The title of this pamphlet led us to expect something very similar to the last; but it is much more moderate and rational, and altogether of an infinitely better cast.

ART. 21.—*A brief Appeal to the Honour and Conscience of the British Nation, upon the Necessity of an immediate Restitution of the Spanish Plate Ships. 2d edit.* 1s. 6d. Ginger. 1804.

This writer is extremely zealous in the cause he undertakes to defend. He conceives the honour of the whole nation, and of every individual, to be at stake. He is ready to allow, for the sake of argument, that a war with Spain is both politic and just; but entirely disapproves of the mode and time of commencing it. He maintains that it is a great crime, an atrocious violation of the laws of nations, that a friendly power should be attacked by the public force during a time of profound peace, while the king's person was represented at Madrid, and while our court was receiving assurances of amity from a Spanish resident in London. He dwells much upon the circumstance of ministers' having sent an exact parity of force: thereby striking at the proud sentiments of Castilian honour; and, as it were, compelling the Spanish commander to fight. Hence he argues that ministers wished him to do so. He exhorts every city, town, borough, &c. throughout the empire, to present a petition to his majesty:

'What sublimer spectacle' (he asks), 'what picture so touching and so grand, as a great and virtuous people spontaneously assembling in all its districts—not to worship at an usurper's throne, nor to draw the car of a faction—not to demand some speculative good, or to remonstrate against even real suffering and hardships—but to do justice to the weak, to disclaim oppression, to restore ill-gotten treasure to the true proprietor, though an enemy! To separate their name and their conscience from profitable acts of robbery and violence, to vindicate their innocence, and the integrity of their country, before God and man!—I am sure the old time has no better example—history shews nothing more worthy of imitation, nor will posterity, in all the age to come, revere a brighter and a holier deed!' P. 29.

We shall leave our readers to judge of this author as a politician; as a writer, they will see from the above extract that he is not despicable. He seems to have written rather too much in haste: his language is irregular, and not always perfectly correct; but for the most part nervous and spirited. He is evidently a thinking, well-informed man; and, we doubt not, an honest one.

ART. 22.—*The Justice and Policy of a War with Spain demonstrated.* 8vo. Hatchard. 1804.

This pamphleteer brings forward the common and obvious arguments to demonstrate the *policy* of a war with Spain; and adduces the opinions of Grotius, Puffendorff, Vattel, Buddæus, and Barbeyrac, to prove that it is *just*. He says nothing which does not naturally occur to every person's mind; some few things excepted, which show that he is but a shallow politician. He takes great pains to prove that the colonies of Spain have not tended in any degree to accelerate the decline of her power. That man must have but ill weighed the causes and effects of those events to which the rise and downfal of empires may be traced, who does not know that the possession of South America has operated upon Spain with more fatal and extensive influence than either the expulsion of the Jews under Ferdinand, or of the Moors under Philip III.; than either the numerous monastic orders, or the union of civil and religious despotism. Our author himself enumerates among the causes of her decay, the discouragement of manufactories, and consequently of industry. When did industry, when did manufactories, begin to droop in Spain? Not till she became mistress of the riches of the western world: and why? because gold was obtained without exertion.—One poor effort is made in this pamphlet to rise above the pedestrian style. It is when an assertion is made that that British minister will have reached the pinnacle of human glory, who shall wrest Peru and Mexico from the hands of the Spaniards by means of an English force! This man, he thinks, will be entitled to the thanks of his country, and to the benediction of the world. He will be able to say on his death-bed, *Exegi monumentum*, &c.!!!

ART. 23.—*A Letter to John Foster, Esq. Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, on the best Means of educating and employing the Poor in that Country. By Joseph Lancaster.* 8vo. 1s. Darton *and* Harvey. 1805.

This is the effusion of a benevolent and pious quaker, who has established a free-school for the education of one thousand poor children in the Borough-road, Southwark. We wish every success to his institution; and to every other which tends to diffuse useful knowledge, and to promote the cause of virtue and religion. His observations in this letter, however, do not at all accord with the title. They have no peculiar application to the circumstances of the poor in Ireland; but recommend generally the establishment of central schools for training up young men as teachers, who are to become the superintendants of other schools to be established in the neighbourhood. Nothing satisfactory is added to point out the means or obviate the difficulty of carrying so extensive a plan into execution.

DRAMA.

ART. 24.—*The Blind Bargain, or Hear it out; a Comedy in Five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By Frederick Reynolds.* 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* Longman. 1805.

If Mr. Reynolds were to be tried by the rigid laws of a critical jury, their verdict, we fear, would pronounce him *guilty*. Comedy may be defined the representation of real life, reflecting a faithful and exact image of the original—the *imago veritatis* of Cicero. Such exhibitions serve to the highest moral uses, in exciting our approbation of virtue, or provoking our abhorrence of vice: but the comedy before us, transgressing the limits of common nature, is overcharged with extravagances and excesses of every kind;—so that it may properly come under the denomination of *farce*, whose prime intention, according to Dryden, is the entertainment of citizens, country gentlemen, and Covent Garden fops; all of whom, we make no doubt, have been highly gratified with the representation of 'the Blind Bargain.' We will present a sketch of the plot, almost in the author's words (Vide Act V).—About a year and a half ago, one sir Andrew Analyse, a good natured, credulous, old dictionary-maker, consigns from India an adopted infant, to the care of one Paul Pliable, a cunning apologizing apothecary. The child dying, the doctor employs a certain gipsey to procure him another (for the doctor received a handsome stipend from sir Andrew): and this other most unexpectedly proving to be the son of a certain Mr. Villars, the doctor naturally wishes to get his own neck out of the halter; and whom should he fix on for his basket-carrier, but a certain facetious young Oxonian of the name of Tourly? who strikes a bargain blindfold, to carry off a basket for one hundred guineas, and promises not to look into it. Intending to mark the door of the doctor's house, that he may know where to return his load if he did not relish the contents, he marks by mistake the door of miss Gurnet, an old maid, the intended wife of the poor dictionary-maker, who during his absence in India had been flirting with a certain alderman, from whom she had received, and to whom she had sent, presents; but on sir Andrew's arrival the presents are mutually returned. Miss Gurnet, in hourly expectation of a marmozet, denominated Little Peter, receives from Tourly the basket containing the child of Villars, which leads to the *denouement* of Pliable's villainy; who, in the modern style of theatrical punishment, walks off in a sound skin. Mr. Villars is a melancholy man, who has suffered misfortunes; and is thought to have been extravagant in his youth, and to have spent a large fortune received from his wife, from whom he conceals the real cause of his grief: the mystery at last is solved, by a declaration that he never received a halfpenny from his wife's father: but his love was too ardent to reproach her with her father's dissipation; neither bondage, menaces, nor death, could shake an atom of his love for her who, giving him her heart, gave him what monarchs might account a rich inheritance!!!—Poor soul!

Such are the outlines of this *much admired* comedy. We sincerely wish Mr. Reynolds would either write things worth reading, or not write at all.

ART. 25.—*The Land we live in: a Comedy in 5 Acts; written by Francis Ludlow Holt, Esq. first represented at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, on Saturday, December 29th, 1804. 2d Edition.*—8*vo.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Wilks. 1805.

Francis Ludlow Holt, Esq. may be, for any thing we know to the contrary, a very good lawyer, but he certainly is a very bad play-wright: he would have acted wisely, if he had abided by the decision of the audience; who, though they do not judge critically, yet always are favourable when there is any thing to excite their mirth, even though the piece be destitute of genuine dramatic merit, of real wit, of plot, or of instruction. This play certainly does not possess any of the abovementioned recommendations. It is destitute of incident and of morality; it abounds with the language of grooms, inn-keepers, and chamber-maids, and is as complete a farrago as ever received damnation from the hisses of a wearied audience. We are not ignorant that there are two opinions about it; but

Victrix causa *Diis* placuit.

ART. 26.—*Memoirs of the Life of William Henry West Betty, known by the Name of the Young Roscius, with a general Estimate of his Talents, and a Critique on his principal Characters. 2d Edition.* 12*mo.* Wright. Liverpool. 1804.

The painter, the sculptor, the author, live each in his respective performance; the fame of the actor alone is circumscribed within the narrow limits of human life. The pathetic tones of sensibility; the voice of pity and of terror; the various emotions of love, jealousy, and all the other passions; which are the peculiar characteristics of excellence in the histrionic art, can never be transmitted to posterity; a just conception of the accuracy of their delineation can be formed only by the spectator.

The subject of the present Memoirs seems, like a second Crichton, to be endowed with that superiority both of genius and person which cannot fail of attracting the admiration and applause of an intelligent and unbiassed public.

Of the numerous accounts of this extraordinary youth, this is in our opinion written with the least partiality. His excellences Mr. Merritt has honoured with due encomiums: his defects he has described in a manner free from that virulence which indicates a spirit of party or prejudice; we might add, that his defects are represented in such liberal and gentlemanlike terms, as to increase rather than diminish the admiration we entertain of this theatrical phenomenon.

The critiques on the parts which he has performed are in general correct; yet we are inclined to think the discrimination censured in page 94 judicious. It should be remembered that Horatio is Hamlet's most intimate friend:

'Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself:'

therefore he conceives that *he* in particular ought to have addressed himself to the Ghost: we accordingly see that Shakspeare makes Horatio the only person who did accost it; the rest,

'distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him.'

The mode in which master Betty delivers the sentence is the same as Kemble adopts, who has studied the part with critical accuracy.

We sincerely hope that the requisite attention will be paid to the education of this juvenile performer, whose private character is said to be as amiable as the fame which he has acquired is extensive; and that when time shall have matured the boy into the man, he will become the most brilliant ornament of his profession.

ART. 27.—*Critical Essays on the Dramatic Excellences of the Young Roscius. Compiled by J. Bisset, Museum, Birmingham.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

This gentleman is the avowed panegyrist of the Young Roscius: and, in language very different from Mr. Merritt's, calls those who dissent from his opinions, 'vile calumniators, and monsters in human shape.' These essays having already appeared in the public newspapers, we shall not consume the time of our readers in analysing their contents; but advise the author to send his book

In vicum vendentem thus et odores, &c.

LAW.

ART. 28.—*An Inquiry into the Origin and Influence of the controverted Rule of Law, called the Rule in Shelley's Case. By Jacob Philips, of the Inner Temple, Esq.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Bickerstaff. 1805.

When the rule in Shelley's case gets into a lawyer's head, it sets all other subjects at defiance. Mr. Philips is under much alarm in consequence of the attacks which several decisions seem to have made upon the extent and application of this celebrated rule; and cannot wait until he has finished a more extensive practical essay on the doctrine of devises in tail, now almost ready for the press. There is certainly nothing new in the present Inquiry; and we think it rather an expensive and unnecessary mode of announcing a future publication, which we hope will be more worthy the attention of the profession.

POETRY.

ART. 29.—*Original Poems, by Thomas Green Fessenden, A. M. Author of 'Terrible Tractoration.'* 8*vo.* 5*s.* Hurst. 1804.

We presume this writer to be an American; and, considering the state of literature in that country, his productions are quite as good as could be expected from one of its natives. He has some humour, and some turn for poetry. He observes in his preface, that his Jonathans and Tabithas are more like the Cloddipoles and Blouzelindas of Gay, than the Damons and Daphnes of Pope. It may be so; but he should have had more modesty than to

mention himself in the same sentence with either of those poets. 'I will not assert,' he proceeds, 'that I have not in some instance, caricatured the manners of the New England rustics.' A very candid avowal! but what is it to us? who interests himself in this country about the rustics of New England? But he tells us, that in presenting his poems to the public, he builds his hope of their success, 'not on any *extraordinary* merit which they will be thought to possess' (he is quite right), 'but on their containing information relative to the manners, customs, and policy of a rising empire, between whose interests and those of Great Britain there subsists a most intimate and reciprocal connection.' Here we cannot at all agree with Mr. Fessenden. Of all countries in the world, the manners and customs of the Americans excite the least interest. What are they but a bad edition of our own? Besides, of what class of people do his poems pourtray the habits? of the lowest of the low, of the *peasantry* of *America*. What can we think of a ballad of this description, consisting of seventeen pages, and fifty stanzas, the elegant burthen of which is 'Yankee doodle dandy?'—And in what manner does he pourtray them? By larding his verses with proverbs and provincial vulgarisms, which even beyond the Atlantic can only be in use among the meanest orders. Yet he is so presumptuous as to hope that this volume will have a tendency to preserve harmony between Great Britain and America. Mr. Fessenden! Mr. Fessenden! what can have induced you to think thus highly of yourself? In another part of his long preface, our author is led, by his *national* vanity, into an equally great mistake. 'America,' says Mr. Fessenden, 'is more enlightened than the republics of antiquity.' This is, indeed, blasphemy: we feel for the insulted ashes of the sages of Greece and Rome! This writer surely can be but little acquainted with the splendid epochs in the annals of the Empress of the world; he must be very inadequately versed in the history of Athens, whose little territory was peopled by the wisest, the most learned, the politest of mankind. But let us give Mr. Fessenden his due share of praise: we have before said that he has some poetical merit; his serious productions are upon the whole the best; still he is by no means destitute of humour, and we even discover occasional scintillations of the genius of Butler. The poem which calls most loudly for our commendation, is that where, in a happy strain of irony, he reprobates the pernicious tendency of the licentious poems of Little.

ART. 30.—*Poems, by Charles A. Elton.* 8vo. Longman. 1804.

By ladies and lady-like critics, Mr. Elton will be thought a very *pretty* poet.

ART. 31.—*Martial Effusions of Ancient Times, addressed to the Spartan Hosts, to excite them to Valour and Discipline in their Conflicts with the Messenians; and prescribed as permanent Recitations by the Republic of Lacedæmon, to inspire their Youth with warlike Sentiments: from the Fragments of Tyrtæus.* 12mo. Hatchard. 1804.

The spirit which animated the verses of Tyrtæus, does not equally pervade those of his translator, or rather imitator. His in-

attention to the metre, by the commixture of lines of seven and eight syllables promiscuously (which repeatedly occurs, particularly in the second and fourth odes), may be reckoned among his principal defects: but as this gentleman appears to be of the military profession, a profession not well according with the 'harmony of sweet sounds,' the nice ear of criticism must, on this occasion, esteem his fault venial; and in gratitude for his efforts to heighten the ardour of his 'brave associates in arms,' to whom his performance is dedicated, we must recommend him to the perusal of those who are engaged in the cause of their country.—His intentions are very laudable and good: we extract the following specimen of his abilities:

> 'The votive urn preserves his dust:
> With gods and heroes stands his bust:
> Himself a god; himself a band;
> The fortress proud that joys the land.' P. 10.

ART. 32.—*Hispaniola, a Poem; with appropriate Notes. To which are added, Lines on the Crucifixion, and other Poetical Pieces. By Samuel Whitchurch.* 8vo. Bath. 1804.

This Author writes sufficiently well to hand about his productions in the circle of his private friends, but he had better not have given them to the public. Does he not know that he thereby challenges and defies criticism? It is true that

> Not to one in this benighted age
> Is that diviner inspiration giv'n
> Which burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page
> The pomp and prodigality of heav'n!

but the numerous class of self-imagined poets should recollect that art may in some degree supply the defects of nature; that it should *always* unite with it, neither being sufficient of itself. They would do well to study Menzini's Art of Italian Poetry, the *general* rules contained in which apply equally to every language. That judicious author observes, that the chief foundation of good writing is a critical acquaintance with the idiom of the language; that the best writers ought to be imitated; dignity and perspicuity of style studiously attended to; that poets should possess promptitude of rhyme, ease and fluency of language; that that ease is to be evinced not by negligence and carelessness, but by a well supported and regulated balance; that they should submit their writings to the ordeal of severe criticism, and repeatedly revise them. In all these particulars, we fear Mr. Whitchurch is somewhat deficient; rhymes alone excepted, with which no fault is to be found.

The subject which our author has chosen is by no means ill adapted to a short poem. It is capable of sufficient variety, and affords ample scope for genius. But Mr. Whitchurch has treated it in a common-place manner. His language is by no means the language of poetry; seldom spirited, often prosaic. One of the best stanzas is in page 10:

'Still might the lover fearless rove
Where to the high-arched shady grove
Beauty retired unconscious of a crime;
Where fragrant flowers and fruits grew wild,
And where simplicity's meek child
Plucked new-born pleasures from the wing of time.'

The concluding stanza of the address of the shade of Anacoana to her surviving countrymen, possesses something like fire.

'But they shall rise! the hour will come
Big with the proud oppressor's doom;
Though times and seasons slowly pass away:
That sun which saw his ruffian hand
Spread desolation o'er the land,
Will smile on retribution's holy day!'

We can select nothing more which would do the author much credit. All the rest of the lady's speech, we are sorry to say, is alike unworthy of the savage beauty, or the unfortunate queen. We must here notice the author's *judicious* annotation on that part of it where she foretels the degradation of her oppressors. 'The present degraded state of Spain,' Mr. Whitchurch sagely observes, 'bears testimony to the faithfulness of the prophecy.' Had he forgotten that he himself fabricated the prophecy a few days ago?

All the succeeding pieces are of a much worse stamp than the one we have just commented upon. We are told that the writer has often perused 'Pye's *illustrious song*' with transport; that he is well acquainted with Southey, Bowles, Burns, and Macneill: all very creditable people; but why has he neglected Milton, Dryden, Pope, and a long list of English poets, at least *equally* respectable?

Mr. Whitchurch surely could not have intended the six following lines for poetry.

'Soul of my faithful William, come and prove
Thy mother's kindness, and unaltered love;
Lo! now accomplished thy fond heart's desires,
Thy skiff safe anchored near thy laid-up sire's;
Where lies my sheltered bark, whose sails much rent
By stormy winds, were long ago unbent.'

Nor are these two sufficiently dignified to form part of a pathetic address to a departed parent.

'And thou wouldst tell me *who were there*,
The great king George, and general Stair.'

The beginning of his eulogy upon his country is in the same style:

'There's not a country of the peopled earth,
I like so well as that which gave me birth.'

The epithet 'queen of isles' is applied in almost every line to England and St. Domingo indiscriminately: how does the author determine the respective pretensions of these rival queens?

His verses 'on the marriage of a Statuary at Bath' were, we presume, intended to be witty; but they are not so. What is the meaning of these lines?

> 'No jealous fair complains of slighted charms,
> Nor threatens *striking* vengeance with her *arms*.'

Is the lady to *break* her husband's head, or only to *ornament* it? in either sense it is very ill expressed; and if intended for a pun, it is a most miserable one. Mr. Whitchurch is twice in a scrape with grammar, and three times with quantity:

P. 17. 'Whilst *pass* before me many *an* injur'd ghost.'
P. 24. 'Enslaver of the nations! Is it *thee?*'
P. 17. We have, 'vehēment'
P. 71. 'Golgōtha.'
P. 99. 'Idēal.'
'Simoom' page 25, ought to be a trissyllable.

The religious sentiments introduced by this author into his compositions deserve praise, and praise we will never withhold where it is due; but he has little originality, and no great share of poetic talent. However, we do not wish to be severe: his 'Hispaniola,' (for the other pieces we must unequivocally condemn) is quite as good as the generality of indifferent poetry with which the press is daily inundated.

MEDICINE.

ART. 33.—*Observations on the Mode of administering Mercury by the absorbent Vessels of the Mouth.* 8vo. 1s. Boosey. 1804.

This is a quackish publication.

ART. 34.—*Morborum Puerilium Epitome. Auctore Gulielmo Heberden, Regi Reginæque Britanniarum Medico Extraordinario.* 8vo. 1804.

Within the narrow limits of this short treatise, it is obvious that the more important diseases of children cannot undergo a very ample discussion; and we apprehend that Dr. Heberden alludes rather to the slighter forms of indisposition when he remarks that 'the complaints of children have been neglected by the best writers,' than to those more confirmed and complicated diseases which have been much investigated and discussed in many valuable single essays, as well as in the writings of systematic physicians. It is to the treatment of children, likewise, with a view to the prevention of disease, or during the presence of slight symptoms only, that the learned author's design, of restoring this branch of medicine from the foolish errors of nurses and ignorant practitioners, is particularly applicable. On this part of the subject his precepts are extremely rational and judicious; and he has advanced farther than preceding writers on the management of

children, in the recommendation of that simplicity of treatment which is deduced from an imitation of nature, and which, during the present age, has gradually superseded the pernicious absurdities of ignorance and mistaken art. The following quotation from the preface will exemplify our remark, and at the same time afford a specimen of that classical elegance of diction which distinguishes this little publication.

'Proinde naturam ars imitetur, atque illius vestigiis inhæreat. Solvantur fasciæ, dematur inutilis cibus, ne artuum jactatio et incrementum cohibeatur, neve stomachus gravetur et concoctionem impediat. Quam enim pravitatem membrorum, quam distortionem ex illis natam solemus deplorare? Cruditas enim quantam partem morborum puerilium una complectitur? Siquidem modo vomitus est, modo alvus fusa, modo inflatio, modo tormina, modo ventris tumor, frequentissimumque est vitium quo cibus acescit. Ad cruditatem quoque nescio an pertineant aphthæ, lumbrici, vigilia, tabes, debilitas, pustulæ, et distentiones membrorum, quibus omnibus pueri maxime opportuni sunt. Cum vero cernimus lac in uberibus matris a Deo esse præparatum, cur non ars nostra primos faciat cibos lacti quam simillimos? Quid enim quispiam profecerit medicamentis conquisitis et compositis, si nova quotidie ingesta materies nova pariat mala? Is demum, ut mihi videtur, optimè prospexerit, non qui nova in diem remedia excogitaverit, sed qui causas morborum in victu vitæque consuetudine requisiverit, et ab earum rerum ratione petierit præsidium.'

With respect to diseases of magnitude, so far from supplying the deficiencies or correcting the errors of former writers—in consequence of the extreme brevity to which the author has limited his discussions, he has omitted many facts and observations adduced by those writers, without a knowledge of which our views of the nature and treatment of those diseases must be deemed extremely imperfect. He has been led by the same circumstance to a sort of aphoristic style in the recommendation of remedies; a style which implies a greater certainty in the principles of a science than those of medicine have yet attained, and which is scarcely consistent with the various discrimination in the exercise of the art which the variety of particular circumstances demands. In a word, the learned author, too desirous of avoiding the anile prolixity of some of his predecessors, seems to have fallen short of the desirable mean: and while we derive much gratification from the perusal of his treatise, distinguished by great good sense and elegance of composition, we are disposed to complain of that brevity which deprives us of a greater portion of instruction.

ART. 35.—*Culina Famulatrix Medicinæ: or, Receipts in Cookery, worthy the Notice of those medical Practitioners who ride in their Chariots with a Footman behind them, and who receive Two-Guinea Fees of their rich and luxurious Patients. By Ignotus.* 8vo. 4s. York. 1804.

This ingenious writer, who has since professed himself to be Dr. Hunter of York, prefixes an engraving of a large pig to his

publication, a serious examination of which he recommends to those gentlemen who, unfortunately, like himself, seem to live only for the pleasure of eating. It is dedicated 'to those gentlemen who freely give two guineas for a turtle dinner at the tavern, when they might have a more wholesome one at home for ten shillings.' The learned doctor subjoins a medical observation on every dish; and thus aims at uniting not only economy, but utility, with enjoyment. Reviewers are so little accustomed to the luxuries of the table, that it would ill become us to give an opinion of our own on the merits of the book before us. But on the authority of some of our friends who are equally qualified by fortune and by taste to form a judgment of the subject in question, we undertake to assure our readers; that our author is a decided adept in the art of cookery; and as such we strongly recommend his work to the Apicii of modern days. We particularly wish that it might be patronized by both our universities; the resident members of those learned bodies find sufficient leisure from their literary toils, to devote some attention to the more ignoble indeed, but not less satisfactory, researches of the culinary art: it is their peculiarly happy lot to be incessantly occupied by the enviable vicissitudes of the study and the table; to pass their time in the delightful alternations of mental and bodily refreshment. We are not without hopes, therefore, that the *receipts* of Dr. Hunter may in time be introduced into the kitchens of every college.

NOVELS.

ART. 36.—*The Modern Griselda: a Tale. By Miss Edgeworth.* 8vo. 5s. Johnson. 1805.

The deserved *éclat* which miss Edgeworth acquired by 'Castle Rackrent,' was the only motive which induced us to venture on the perusal of the present performance; but we cannot say that it afforded us much entertainment.

'The Modern Griselda,' unlike her namesake of antiquity, is, in the strictest sense of the word, a shrew, who is determined to rule her husband with absolute authority: poor Benedick, out of pure love, at first submits to her unaccountable caprices; but at length, wearied and disgusted, exerts the prerogatives of a husband: *she* faints; *he* begs pardon; *she* returns to her old ways; *he* grows sullen and indifferent; *she*, unable to bear this, requests a separation, which is granted by *him*;—thus ends 'the Modern Griselda.' It reminded us, *mutatis mutandis*, of the lines in Gay:

> They squabble for a pin, a feather,
> And wonder how they came together.
> The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,
> The wife grows flippant in reply:
> He loves command and due restriction:
> And she as well likes contradiction;
> He never slavishly submits;
> She'll have her will, or have her fits.

He this way tugs, she t'other draws,
The man grows jealous, and with cause:
Nothing can save him but divorce;
And here the wife complies of course.

The quotations in page 162, from the 'Œuvres Philosophiques' of M. de St. Lambert, are very beautiful.

ART. 37.—*Adeline Mowbray; or the Mother and Daughter: a Tale, in 3 Volumes. By Mrs. Opie.* 12*mo.* 3*s.* 6*d.* 1805.

We opened with great pleasure a new novel from the entertaining pen of Mrs. Opie, a lady whose uncommon talents do honour to her sex and country. She displayed, in her pathetic tale of 'the Father and Daughter,' a power of working upon the passions we think unrivalled (perhaps with the single exception of Mrs. Inchbald,) by any writer of the present day. Nor has she failed to affect her readers with many heart-rending scenes in the work before us.

The story of 'the Mother and Daughter' may be comprised in few words. The former imbibes and supports *in theory* the principles of the new code of morality; the latter carries them into *practice*, and becomes the mistress of one of the authors who broached them to the world. Upon this her mother, inconsistently, but naturally, renounces her; and by the death of her lover she is driven to seek support in the exercise of those accomplishments her education had bestowed upon her. But her course of virtuous industry is interrupted by the scandalous reports of those who remembered her in her former vicious situation; and she is awakened to a sense of her misguided conduct. She is in consequence married; but her husband using her ill, after much misery she is restored to her mother, and dies contented.

But this scanty outline Mrs. Opie has most ably filled up with a variety of characters and incidents, well conceived, and adroitly introduced. She keeps up the attention of her readers to the end. The moral of her work is declared in the following passage: (Vol. iii. P. 13.)

The example of Adeline is held up 'as a warning to all young people; for her story inculcates most powerfully how vain are personal graces, talents, sweetness of temper, and even active benevolence, to ensure respectability, and confer happiness, without a strict regard to the long established rules for conduct, and a continuance in those paths of virtue and decorum which the wisdom of ages has pointed out to every one.'

But we cannot avoid remarking that the effect of this moral does not seem to have been consulted, when the state in which Adeline and Glenmurray lived was represented as perfectly happy, as far as their happiness rested in themselves; but the instant that Adeline marries, she becomes miserable from the conduct of her husband. Rightly considered, this reflects nothing upon the marriage state; but what we have to object to are the fascinating colours thrown over the erroneous virtues of Adeline and Glenmur-

ray, 'making' (as the benevolent quaker observes, Vol. ii. page 109) 'vice more dangerous by giving it an air of respectability.'

We have to remark a few inaccuracies in Mrs. Opie's style; solely from a regard to her reputation as a writer, for we doubt not her good sense will profit by our hints. 'Gulping down sobs and sighs' is an expression that occurs too often throughout the three volumes; 'a fine moral tact' we cannot help thinking a silly and affected phrase; 'it was the dark hour' means nothing but 'it was dark;' and why should 'the maternal feeling' be substituted for the feelings of a mother?

The interesting interview between the mother of Adeline and the benevolent quaker, in which the latter gives the former tidings of her daughter, is successfully imitated from the scene between Lady Randolph and the Stranger, in the play of Douglas.

But the description of the death of Adeline may bear a comparison with that of Richardson's Clarissa, or Rousseau's Heloise. Her last letter to her mother, where she bequeaths her infant daughter to her care, must move every reader to tears who can melt at the recital of unmerited distress; and that to colonel Mordaunt, recanting her false principles, and strongly contending in favour of marriage for the sake of the children and their education, is an honourable proof of Mrs. Opie's powers of argument in the defence of the good old cause.

We shall conclude our observations on the present work, with an extract from the second volume, page 116, which we conceive to be a very beautiful specimen of Mrs. Opie's eloquent and interesting flow of language. Mrs. Pemberton (the benevolent quaker) thus addresses Adeline; whom she had heard of in her days of innocence, and now met with in disgrace.

"And art *thou*," she cried "Adeline Mowbray? art *thou* that courteous, blooming, blessed being, (for every tongue that I heard name thee blessed thee) whom I saw only three years ago bounding over thy native hills, all grace, and joy, and innocence?" Adeline tried to speak, but her voice failed her. "Art *thou* she," continued Mrs. Pemberton, "whom I saw leaning from the window of her mother's mansion, and inquiring with the countenance of a pitying angel concerning the health of a wan labourer who limped past the door?" Adeline hid her face with her hands. Mrs. Pemberton went on in a lower tone of voice. "I came with some company to see thy mother's grounds; and to hear the nightingales in her groves; but" (here Mrs. Pemberton's voice faltered) "I have seen a sight far beyond that of the proudest mansion, said I to those who asked me of thy mother's seat; I have heard what was sweeter to my ear than the voice of the nightingale; I have seen a blooming girl, nursed in idleness and prosperity, yet active in the discharge of every christian duty; and I have heard her speak in the soothing accents of kindness and of pity, while her name was followed by blessings, and parents prayed to have a child like her. Oh! lost, unhappy girl! Such *was* Adeline Mowbray: and often, very often, has thy graceful image recurred to my remembrance; but

how art thou changed! Where is the open eye of happiness? where is the bloom that spoke a heart at peace with itself? I repeat it, and I repeat it with agony, Father of mercies! is this thy Adeline Mowbray?''

MISCELLANIES.

ART. 38.—*The Triad: addressed to the People of the United Empire. In the Beginning of a Storm, the best Bower, Sheet, and Spare Anchors, ahead.* 8vo. Hatchard. 1804.

The contents of this volume, which are denominated 'Essays, metaphysical, political, and poetical,' are as unintelligible as the title given by this anonymous writer to his ridiculous pamphlet, which is a mere rhapsody of exclamations and interrogations. As a specimen of this gentleman's powers, 'metaphysical, political, and poetical,' we subjoin the following extracts:

'If it is the soul which is to be condemned to endless misery, how bitterly will it reproach the wretched body which has brought it to the verge of that state, to whom it was given to enjoy social comfort, with intellectual delight, but whose base appetites repelled the struggles that it made for sovereignty!' P. 9.

Speaking of the private character of our beloved sovereign, he says—

'What a pity that so many fine genii should have prostituted their pens to scurrility and obscenity in their grand master's service! Let me ask any dispassionate man, whether there exists a country, even in this age of regeneration, whose government would have allowed its chief magistrate's character to have been so publicly scrutinized, that when the envenomed serpent of satire could find no vulnerable part on which it might fix its sting, would be yet permitted to aspirate its hisses in impotent rage?' P. 24.

'And shall that British warrior brave,
His woe-worn cheek the scald tears lave?
He dries them with his hand;
Ah! was it left him but to dry
The anguish of a streaming eye?
The other sav'd the land.'

We can only say with Persius—*Quis leget hæc?*

ART. 39.—*An alphabetic Key to Propria quæ Maribus, Quæ Genus, and As in Præsenti; containing all the Examples declined and translated, with the Rules quoted under each, and numerical References to the Context. By J. Carey.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. Longman. 1805.

'The design of this little publication is to exercise young beginners in the application of Lily's metrical rules.' The design is answered by the execution of this trifling work; which we cannot praise for its utility, and which we are unwilling to censure, from its inclination to do good. It professes to alter and

improve, in some few instances, the Eton Latin Grammar; which we prefer to all others, because it contains the fewest rules, and yet is the foundation of that eminent classical learning which the boys who are instructed in it so generally obtain. Dr. Carey, in his preface to the book before us, proposes the following *important* alterations in 'Propria quæ Maribus.'

'V. 376. The unmetrical hemistich,

— — — et amicio, amicui, dat,

might be brought somewhat nearer to the semblance of versification by means of a licence elsewhere used in these rules, viz.

——— ātque ămĭcīrĕ cŭī dat.

'V. 480. —— et amicui dat amictum——'

might be *improved in point of metre*, by thus altering it—

——— atque amicūi dăt ămĭctum——

and pronouncing cui as one long syllable by synæresis.'—Stuff! stuff! stuff!

ART. 40.—*A short View of the actual State of the Volunteers, with a few Penn'orth of Hints to the Officers commanding the Volunteer Brigades. To which are added some Suggestions that may be of Use for the more perfect Organization of the Volunteer System. By an Officer of the Regulars.* 8vo. Faulder. 1804.

This writer vindicates, in a spirited yet modest manner, the volunteer establishment from the attacks which it has been too much the fashion with officers of the regular service to make upon it. He deserves the more attention, as he is himself in the regular army, and has served his country abroad for several years.

After enumerating the nature and merits of this system, and paying a just compliment to that sense of honour and superiority of intellect which the volunteers possess in a pre-eminent degree over the soldiers of the line, he takes occasion to reprobate the opinion of those who think it impossible that they can be an effective body, unless amenable to martial law. For his arguments on this subject, we refer our readers to the perusal of his pamphlet.

His instructions to the officers deserve much praise. We have often lamented that mockery of discipline, that ridiculous and unnecessary waste of time, which is spent on the minutiæ of parades. The precise number of inches which it is required to step, the exquisite polish of the boots, the adjustment of the cap, &c. &c. merit only contempt. On fooleries like these too much time is apt to be bestowed; and 'it is generally found' (says the author) 'that errors which arise in action may be traced home to the officers.'

'After having seen almost every service on the continent of Europe, and those in other parts of the world, I have met with none that pleases me so well as the French. They certainly come nearer to perfection than any I have yet seen: and why? Because

they pay greater attention to the education of their officers. They have an admirable species of drill every *decade*, or ten days, for the officers exclusively, which they term *le petit manœuvre*. At this parade, which they hold in a room, every species of tactics (that is, as far as it concerns the officers attending) is discussed. I beg to know what should prevent the brigadiers from introducing this kind of drill among the volunteers? Is it that they scorn to be indebted to foreigners, and especially our enemies, for a practical improvement in a point of military discipline? or is it not rather owing to laziness, ignorance, or indifference? Of this I am convinced, that it would be attended with incalculable advantage.'

His observations on platoon-firing and sham-fights are judicious, and should be adopted. On the choice of officers for the volunteer corps he has much to say; but rather chooses to see what reception these few pages meet with, before he offers his ideas to the public on a subject which requires the most minute consideration. Whenever he thinks proper to indulge us with his opinion, we do not doubt that we shall derive much satisfaction from his labours.

ART. 41.—*The Merchant's Assistant: or a Treatise on Exchanges, and Arbitrations of Exchanges, of Bullion, Dollars, and Merchandize. Containing every Information relative to the Commerce of London with the principal Places of Europe. By Christopher Dubost. 7s. Boards.* Boosey. 1804.

Whatever tends to the extension of commerce, to determine with greater certainty its results, or to facilitate the business of the counting-house, cannot fail to be highly interesting. It is therefore with pleasure that we find a work of a convenient size, well calculated to effect these desirable ends. This book is divided into four parts:—1st. Exchanges, with the usances of bills, days of grace, real and imaginary moneys reduced and compared to those of this country. 2d. Arbitrations of exchanges, with methods of calculations of the most advantageous time and manner to draw bills. 3d. Arbitrations of bullion and dollars, with proportional divisions of the Troy weight, and the fineness of gold and silver of foreign countries reduced and compared to the English standard. 4th. Arbitration of merchandise; or the division and comparison of foreign weights and measures of grain, wine, brandy, oil, cloth, &c. with those of England; tares, allowances on sales and moneys in which purchases are made. The general results which these tables offer are sufficiently correct; in the denominations only of moneys and measures have we observed some errors, particularly in what relates to Spain—a country of which our ignorance has hitherto impeded the progress of our commerce.* Following

* In 1800, our exports to Spain amounted nearly to 1,400,000l. our Imports to about 800,000 l. Our experience and knowledge of the actual state of Spain warrant us in asserting that our exports might now be at least three millions, were our merchants sufficiently acquainted with the manners, customs, disposition, and necessities, of the natives of that country. All the

Ricard, who is more copious than correct, the author has retained the names of money, pistole and ducat; which are still common in France, but wholly unknown in Spain, and ought not to be admitted under the denomination of Spanish money. *Ducat* is sometimes used for what the Catalonians and Valencians call *libra* of 20 *soldos*, of 12 *dineros*, or 240 dineros, equal to 480 maravedies vellon. At Alicante, the arrobe is said to be 24lbs. of 18 ounces, or 36 of 12: but there are two others in common use; one of 30lbs. of 14 ounces, and one of 27lbs. of 16 oz. The same diversity prevails at Denia, Benicarlo, and throughout the whole province of Valencia. As the author professes to be actuated solely by the desire of being useful, we would recommend him to give in a future edition a table of the number of grains, ounces, and pounds, contained in the different arrobes used in the commercial towns of Spain, compared with the number of grains in an English pound; the number of cubic inches in the different liquid or dry measures, compared with those in an English quart; also a great augmentation and correction of the table (pages 173 and 174) of the number of pounds in different countries, compared with an English hundred-weight. In '*El Guia de los Comerciantes*,' published annually at Madrid, ample and correct information will be found of all the weights, measures, and money of Spain. It would be likewise desirable to adapt strictly the orthography of the language which gives names to the different articles, to avoid confusion: as many articles are now designated under two and even three different titles; some of which are wholly unintelligible, and only serve to perplex the judgment and embarrass the memory. Upon the whole, after the expensive and futile *subscription* publications of M. Montefiore, we do not hesitate to say that this little volume, which contains the complete science of a merchant, is the cheapest, most simple, concise, and useful assistant to the business of the counting-house, that has yet been presented to the public.

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hardware, cutlery, plated and japanned ware, glass, turnery-ware, &c. which is now supplied by Germany, and in the hands of Germans established in Spain, would be most joyfully received from England by the Spaniards. In forwarding goods to that country, it is indispensable to be certain, that the merchant to whom they are consigned is really a native; if so, his honesty need not be doubted: but numbers have suffered from reposing confidence in the foreigners established there. In return, it would seem more consistent with justice and policy to use the wines and brandy of the Spaniards (who, whether in peace or war, are our friends), in preference to those of the French, to which they are now equal, if not superior.